NOTES AND COMMENTS

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Omne Vivum Ex Ovo

NO science would be possible, if the universe were not *one*, a cosmos, in which all events are linked together and somehow correspond to one another. There are many planes and modes of existence, and each being regards the Whole from a different point of view; but there is no contradiction between various aspects of the one and indivisible Truth. *Natura non facit saltum:* Nature does not proceed by leaps and bounds. If the future were not continuous with the present and the present with the past, we could trust no calculation and plan no action. When something unexpected, like a "miracle", seems to disrupt the natural order, its occurrence merely proves that we do not understand Nature as completely as we may have assumed. The unexpected is as normal as the expected; and the wise man, admitting the vastness of his ignorance, ceases to be surprised by anything which happens. Moreover, reasoning from the known to the unknown, he comes to the conclusion that everything which seems ordinary by dint of repetition, must have at one time appeared extraordinary. The laws of Nature are constant, but the laws of Nature are also laws of growth. The extraordinary is continually growing out of the ordinary. The process is as natural and also as mysterious as the leafing of a tree in May.

It is sufficiently extraordinary that anything whatsoever should exist. However, materialistic habits of thought are so ingrained to-day, that many find it easier to imagine the normal order of existence as lifeless rather than as living. A stone or a lump of clay, which is rashly assumed to be "dead matter", appears to be more "natural" than a plant or an animal or a man. Indeed, the apparition of what is called organic life on this planet, literally offends the majority of scientists, because it does not fit into their ideas as to what ought to take place in a neat and tidy universe.

The trouble is that organic life cannot be manufactured, like steel or soap, in a laboratory. *Omne vivum ex ovo;* everything living is born from an egg or

germ; life alone can produce life. Thus the biologist is faced with a variant of the old riddle: Which came first, the hen or the egg? And as so often happens in the case of riddles, he has given up the attempt to answer it and has changed the subject. What else can he do, as long as he persists in the notion that life is nothing but an abnormal conjunction of chemical and physical factors? Following, in imagination, the lines of evolution backwards, he approaches a point in time when the physical state of the earth must have been radically different from what it is to-day. The organisms which exist now, could not have existed then. How then did life originate, when there could be no "hen" and no "egg"? As can be easily seen, this riddle is even more exasperating than the one which it has displaced; for *ex nihilo nihil fit:* nothing can be created out of nothing. All that is left for the biologist to do is to assume that life is virtually nothing at all, since it is merely the "epiphenomenon" of a preposterous chemical accident. More than one scientist has not hesitated to affirm that Nature herself has never duplicated this "accident"; that our little earth must be the only life-bearing orb in space. Thus it has become conventional to represent life as so utterly insignificant that, in any comprehensive description of the Universe, it can be completely ignored, as even the most meticulous housewife takes no account of an infinitesimal speck of dust on an otherwise spotless surface.

Life Alone Can Produce Life

The age of blind and stubborn dogmatism did not come to an end, as some have fondly supposed, when modern science superseded mediæval theology as the supreme arbiter of human opinions. No schoolman ever clung more tenaciously to his preconceptions than does the typical modern biologist. The biologist does not reason from the known to the unknown, for wherever he has studied life, he knows that it has proceeded from something living. No one can propound a just theory of organic evolution, unless he accept this attested truth as his starting-point. The difficulties of the scientist arise, because he arbitrarily defines life as the unique attribute of the "organic" kingdoms, of vegetables and animals and the human species; because he declaims against the possibility of any forms of life under conditions different from those which accompany the formation of terrestrial physical organisms. The idea of living beings with spiritual or astral bodies, dwelling upon planes where our consciousness is not at present objective, is of course wholly meaningless to him; the worlds inhabited by angels and nature-spirits, by the Gods, Demi-Gods and Heroes of ancient mystagogy, are for him as incredible as "Alice in Wonderland". But he finds almost equally fantastic the theory that there may be life on other planets, like Venus or Mars. How can this be, he asks, if their climatic conditions are evidently unlike ours, and carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen do not occur there in the same proportions as on earth? What is even more to the point, he recognizes no evidence of living activity, that is to say, of *purposeful* activity, in the mineral kingdom, in spite of the behaviour of crystals, in spite of the fact that the study of filterable

viruses proves how difficult it is to draw the boundary between the inorganic and organic realms.

The student of Theosophy ventures to suggest that physical, terrestrial organic life is only one of the infinite number of the "forms" of life in the great Universe; that life is co-extensive with Nature; that life is as omnipresent as Being and is identical with Being. Wherever there is any "organization" of "matter" in any kingdom, in any dimension, on any plane, there the universal life-force is at work, building for itself some vehicle through which it can attain some measure of expression, some degree of what Leibniz called "apperceptive consciousness". Thus the aphorism, *omne vivum ex ovo*, has universal meaning, applying not only to the birth of individuals but to that of species and classes and kingdoms: each "form" necessarily emerges from a germ developed within the matrix of another "form".

Doubtless, at one time, when the earth was young, "organic" life—*as we understand it*—did not exist. Then, to use the jargon of contemporary biology, a "mutation" or "emergence" presumably occurred, and something which might be described as an "organism" was born. But why do we assume that such an event must have been an outlandish and unheard-of thing? We are constantly experiencing "mutations" in our own lives, whenever, in fact, our consciousness is impressed by any new or unfamiliar sensation or idea. If the "organic" developed out of the "inorganic", this must have been because the promise and potency of the "organic" was present in the "inorganic".

The Possibilities of Life Cannot Be Exhausted

If life be as universal as Nature, it is as beginningless and as endless as Nature, proceeding—as Theosophy teaches—through cycles of Pralaya and Manvantara, alternately exfoliating from unity to multiplicity and indrawing from multiplicity to unity. It would seem that the path of life is figured by an endless climbing spiral, not by a straight line that either stops or continues indefinitely in one direction. Its possibilities cannot be exhausted, as the biologist pretends, by a single "organic" evolution which terminates in the production of physical man. If the mineral contain the germ or potentiality of all plant and animal life, we may logically infer that the animal man in turn contains the germ or potentiality of a superior form of being, the spiritual man.

Some scientists have suggested that physical organic evolution has spent its force. There is evidence that the tendency to multiply species has been decreasing in intensity since the early Tertiary; that in a certain sense the fauna and flora of our globe have approximated to their definitive forms in the present great cycle. In spite of their eagerness to find their ape-like ancestors, anthropologists are obliged to testify that the physical appearance of man has scarcely changed during a period of more than a million years. Not unnaturally the spectacle of a world in which evolution has stopped, does not provide a reassuring outlook for the future. What will happen to man? Most of those who speculate upon this problem are quite ready to admit that

they do not know, but many are inclined to expect the worst. It is fashionable to offer an alternative between two prospects: either Nature herself will destroy man by a series of catastrophes, or man by his ineradicable folly will destroy himself.

The student of Theosophy sees no reason for indulging in a blind optimism; but he does not share the notion that the creative force of life on this planet is diminishing. Evolution has not stopped. It has changed its direction. There is a theosophical hypothesis that many millions of years ago evolution passed a "mid-way point", when the human kingdom became definitely established as part of the physical order. At that moment, it is said, the major tide of the life-force turned, and, after flowing downwards and outwards into "matter" for æons, began to *indraw* upwards, to return, as it were, to Spirit. It created physical man at the climax of the "descent into matter"; but the physical man, the mortal, was designed to be the matrix from which could be born the spiritual man, the immortal. According to the theosophical teaching, the next stage of evolution is, or should be, the emergence and growth of new and higher forms of human or "superhuman" life.

We know how absurd this must sound to the scientific ear. But there is ample testimony that such new and higher forms have already appeared. The qualities of mind and heart which we regard as most distinctively human—such as self-sacrificing love for values that are neither personal nor physical—cannot be adequately described as specializations of ordinary animal qualities. Nor can we explain, as a mere by-product of animal evolution, the nature of the *élite* of mankind, of those who, like the Buddha and the Christ, have completely proved that it is possible for the human being to transcend himself, to immortalize himself, to liberate consciousness from the personal and physical limitations that are so familiar to us. Since the universe is one, the "spiritual" is doubtless foreshadowed and prepared by the "animal", but the "spiritual" is not a "species" of the "animal". Although a spiritual being may be said to come into manifestation through a transformation or transmutation of animal nature, it grows and evolves in its own distinct "kingdom".

Theosophy therefore proposes the doctrine that the cycle of evolution has turned inwards from multiplicity towards unity, from the phenomenal towards the noumenal world. The emphasis of creation has been shifted from the outer to the inner world, and this transfer would seem to be intimately connected with the development of man as a self-conscious, responsible individual, whose first mission is to co-operate with Nature in the creation of himself as a living soul.

The Mystery of Transformation

If the laws of transformation and growth be consistent and constant, the passage from potentiality to realization in every kingdom must illustrate the same fundamental principles. When we observe the growth of a plant from a seed, we are witnessing the way in which every potentiality unfolds, the way in which all that is invisible in Nature exfoliates into a visible form.

The study of vegetable growth should make clear one simple fact. The

seed will never grow of itself; it must receive a stimulus from external forces. The potential plant will remain potential for ever, unless the life within it be quickened. There must be contact with earth and water and air, and there must be enough heat to start and maintain organic action. Above all, the growing plant must be placed where there is light; for without light it cannot build its body, it cannot convert "inorganic" into "organic" substance, it cannot "diligently separate the subtile from the gross". To recapitulate, in order that a plant may come to maturity, three factors are indispensable. There must be the seed, containing potentially the form of the plant and the spark of life; there must be the substances of earth and air and water which are integrated into the form as it develops, and which constitute the elements upon which the spark of life feeds; and there must be the immaterial agencies of light and heat, directly or indirectly derived from the Sun, the cosmic energies which ignite the spark—so to speak—drawing it out of its latent condition and interacting with it. However we may explain it, it is by virtue of this interaction between the active force of radiation and the potential force within the seed and the growing plant, that the essential vital organic activities are carried on.

Theosophy points to one underlying cause of the dependence of organic life upon radiant energy. "The Sun is the store-house of Vital Force, which is the Noumenon of Electricity; and it is from its mysterious, never-to-be-fathomed depths, that issue those life-currents which thrill through Space, as through the organisms of every living thing on Earth" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I, 579). Elsewhere it is suggested that from or through the Sun proceeds "that vital and intelligent Force which informs the seed and develops it into the blade of grass, or the root and sapling. It is the germ which becomes the Upadhi of the seven principles of the thing it resides in, shooting them out as the latter grows and develops" (*op. cit.*, I, 311). It may be assumed that in its aspect as the reservoir of life or *prana*, the Sun is not simply the shining orb which we see in the sky, but is the body of its radiance filling the solar system in its entirety; and that the planets and all their creatures live within it, as tissues or cells of that body. That is why for any organism on earth, insulation from radiant energy is equivalent to death.

Potentiality and Realization

According to an old definition of the mystics, matter is "crystallized spirit". It is, as it were, spirit without the clear consciousness that it is spirit. But because it is still spirit, as Plotinus says, there is always, even in the deepest abyss of material existence, an essence which is an "obscure contemplation" and which dimly yearns towards the Good. It would seem that it is this inherent quality of yearning or contemplation, which expresses one aspect of what is called the Monad in theosophical literature. The presence of a Monad, or "atom" of spirit, if one may so describe it, endows a thing of matter with such reality as it possesses; and this reality appears to be, in part at least, identical with the *potentiality* of the thing of matter to be transformed into something

superior to that which it now is, whatever that may be. Thus, the *real* man—as defined, for example, by the Upanishads—is not his "self" as it exists, but the Higher Self which he can become.

One begins to understand why, in so many mythologies, the Sun-God is represented as a sacrificial victim, like the "All-seeing Vishvakarma" of the *Rig Veda*, who "sacrifices himself to himself", in order that the "Spiritual Egos" of mortals who are of one essence with him, may be released from their prisons of flesh and, through conscious union with him, participate in his freedom. The Monad, the potentiality of the growing plant, realizes itself, according to its measure and degree, by its response to the outpouring of life from the Sun, which may be not inappropriately called its "Father in Heaven". But this vitalization of the plant is surely a sign and symbol of the universal sacrifice of the higher to the lower in every kingdom and department of Nature, the sacrifice which alone endows the lower with the power to transcend itself. So the Master, the Perfected Man, spends himself endlessly to bring life and light to his children, to all who exist within his "body of radiance".

Lower Nature Unaided Fails

There is a passage from *The Secret Doctrine* which refers to an early disturbed period in the earth's history when our Mother, the Earth, "would call no Sons of Heaven, she would ask no Sons of Wisdom. She created from her own bosom. She evolved Water-Men, terrible and bad." To some this may sound senseless or rather quaint, like an episode from a fairy-story; but Madame Blavatsky's comments are singularly pertinent to the present day, which is producing its own breed of "Water-Men, terrible and bad".

> Thus Physical Nature, when left to herself in the creation of animal and man, is shown to have failed. She can produce the first two kingdoms, as well as that of the lower animals, but when it comes to the turn of man, spiritual, independent and intelligent powers are required for his creation, besides the "coats of skin" and the "breath of animal life". The human Monads of preceding Rounds need something higher than purely physical materials with which to build their personalities, under the penalty of remaining even below any "Frankenstein" animal (II, 55, 59).

One may deduce this general law, that no being in the Universe, no matter who or what it may be, can transcend its actual state by its own efforts alone. It must call to its aid the "Sons of Heaven"; it must invoke the aid of potencies higher than itself. As we are told, this is the law obeyed by Masters. How much easier it should be to recognize that it is the law prescribed for the mortal and unregenerate man! Yet it is the law which he most persistently distrusts and defies, both collectively and individually. Every good and perfect thing in the long annals of human history has indeed come down from above, for there have always been in existence individuals and groups capable of some real response to the radiance from Heaven. But every civilization has succumbed to decay and death, because after the peak of each cycle has been passed, the ruling classes, those who really mould public opinion, have lost faith and interest in their "higher selves" and in Divine Powers, and have

become absorbed in the concerns and passions of the body and of the "personality" that haunts it.

Under such conditions, as should be obvious, the Monad or divine potentiality in man, that which in response to the radiance from above can become the conscious Higher Self, must be virtually incapable of growth and exfoliation. According to Theosophy, once the human stage of evolution is reached, the Monad can only respond and become active in the measure that its "vehicle", the conscious, thinking, "free-willing" human Ego itself, obeys and conforms to the intimations of man's divine destiny. Not until the human Ego has learned in completeness the lesson that in the Divine Will is its peace, will the "spiritual man" be capable of growing "as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air".

The Building of a City

One may illustrate the tragedy of man's "self-will" by reference to a recent book, which is none the less interesting because one may disagree with many of its conclusions,—*The Culture of Cities*, by Mr. Lewis Mumford. The author is concerned with the terrible paradox that no civilization can grow and flourish without a highly developed urban life, although it is the horrible corruption of urban life which infects and destroys civilization. "Here in the city", as he says, "the goods of civilization are multiplied and manifolded; here is where human experience is transformed into viable signs, symbols, patterns of conduct, systems of order." But in what measure does the typical city of the machine age realize such an ideal? Mr. Mumford describes the growth of these "urban masses":

> The brakes of tradition and custom were lifted from the exploitation of land; there was no limit to congestion; . . . no standard of order or decency or beauty to dictate the division and layout and building of urban structures. . . . The two main elements in the new urban complex were the factory and the slum. By themselves they constituted what was called the town. . . . Such urban masses could and did expand a hundred times without acquiring more than a shadow of the institutions that characterize a city in the sociological sense—that is, a place in which the social heritage is concentrated, and in which the possibilities of continuous social intercourse and interaction raise to a higher potential the activities of man.

It is evident that the tone and quality of a city are ultimately determined by the dominant motives which draw men to live together. Doubtless, that explains why a city like Paris has an "atmosphere" wholly unlike Detroit, in spite of the fact that both may become famous for "sit-down strikes". Of course, most people probably live in a given place because they were born there, but why were they born there and not elsewhere? A student of Theosophy would suggest that for good or bad reasons they wanted to be born there, and that such was the *karma* of their past acts and desires. We greatly doubt whether many sociologists will be impressed by this argument, but they will probably admit that when the average man migrates from the country to the town, it is most frequently because he wants to make more money

and to find more amusement and excitement. Greed and the love of pleasure can certainly be numbered among the "dominants" which determine the destiny of the average modern town. There have been other "dominants", as the evidence assembled by Mr. Mumford makes clear. There have been cities designed primarily to glorify their builders. There was the mediæval city which he seems to prefer to most others, and which was certainly partly founded in response to the natural need of the surrounding countryside for a centre of protection from marauding barbarians and for a regional market-place. Also, even to-day, there are those who settle in great metropolitan centres because they seek an intelligent society and hope to improve their minds, if not their characters.

However, none of these motives can suffice to build a *real* city or to preserve the community which they establish from convulsions and ultimate ruin. The earth is a graveyard of "urban masses", most of which have not even left a name. Ancient Babylon and Rome were probably not very unlike modern New York and Chicago. Only a city literally founded and continuously governed with the aid of "Sons of Wisdom" can permanently prevail. What does that mean? Madame Blavatsky suggests an answer in a quotation from Ragon's *Maçonnerie Occulte:*

> Do we not know that the ancient initiated poets, when speaking of the *foundation of a city*, meant thereby the establishment of a doctrine? Thus Neptune, God of reasoning, and Apollo, God of hidden things, presented themselves as masons before Laomedon, Priam's father, to help him to build the city of Troy—that is to say, to establish the Trojan religion (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 840).

In brief, the only true human community is one that is animated by a common service and worship of the Eternal. The only real city is a centre of the Mysteries, because it alone is capable of a real growth, of a real unfoldment of its potentialities, in response to the inspiration which comes to it from a centre of yet Greater Mysteries, from the Lodge, from Masters of Wisdom. Very seldom, indeed, has this condition been approached by mortal man, perhaps never more closely during our historical period than at certain moments, in certain places, during the Middle Ages. This may, indeed, account for a certain charm and harmonious proportion which Mr. Mumford admires in the mediæval town and which is so painfully absent from its modern successor. The mediæval town was not "planned" in the deadly contemporary sense of that term. Its design was not arbitrarily imposed upon an unwilling or indifferent population. Its outer form was, in greater or lesser degree, the expression of an inner religious life which was almost universally accepted as the ideal "pattern of conduct" for the citizen. Its "master-builders" brought to a focus the aspirations and inspirations of a multitude. Its veritable nucleus was not the market-place but the cathedral.

Mental Revolt and Physical Disease

The building of a personality is analogous to the building of a city. As certain physicians are at last beginning to recognize clearly, there is a direct

relationship of cause and effect between states of consciousness and the functions of the body. It seems too good to be true, but there are actually some "orthodox" medical practitioners who now practically affirm that a particular disease is often caused by a particular idiosyncrasy of character,—which explains why each individual is more susceptible to some diseases than to others. We quote from *The New York Times*, April 23, 1938:

> Emotional and mental activities of everyday life play an important part in physical disease, and in extreme cases may actually induce changes in the structure of the human body, according to six of the nation's neurologists and pathologists who yesterday took part in a symposium on neuropsychiatry at the Academy of Medicine. An adverse environment can no longer be considered as the sole cause of disease, and destructive causes within man may reduce the environment to secondary importance as a factor in maintaining health, it was pointed out. . . . Dr. George Draper [of the College of Physicians and Surgeons] asserted that although man has had sixty million years to adapt himself to space and time, it is only within recent years that "we have begun to rationally face the humiliating realization that even the camouflage of an outraged Deity is no longer sufficient to obscure the truth that man's most destructive forces are within his own soul". Dr. Draper explained that a person's susceptibility to a particular disease may be determined by his individual make-up. Gradations in differences of personal identity often paralleled the varying severity of an attack of infantile paralysis in each child, he pointed out. Two entirely different types of mankind are susceptible to the two diseases of cataract and peptic ulcer, he said. . . . Dr. Oscar Dietheim [of Cornell University] urged the need of studying the philosophical, religious and ethical aspects of both normal and sick persons in order to guide medical and psychiatric treatment. There is increasing recognition of the importance of considering the integrated personality as a whole in prescribing treatment, he declared.

This seems like plain common-sense to a layman. Our only quarrel is with the assumption that the human race has had to wait "sixty million years" for a rational science of self-knowledge to be born. Unless some psychiatrists take care, they will themselves catch one or another of the diseases which are produced by an excess of self-satisfaction. Century after century there have been wise men who have proclaimed the simple truth, that a physical disease is primarily an externalization of a mental or emotional disorder; that the human will and imagination can both heal and kill the organism. To mention a single example, the Indian doctrine of Karma, in one of its aspects, is nothing but a formulation of the working hypothesis that Nature moves from within outwards, and that her method of purging the human soul of sin is to make its consequences felt in some malady of the human body. By sin is meant any act, great or small, which is instigated by self-will or sensuality. It was not a modern psychiatrist who devised the axiom: *mens sana in corpore sano:* a sound mind in a sound body. *Deus non fecit mortem:* God did not create death. Death is the handiwork of the creature which separates itself in imagination from the Divine Radiance, and which disintegrates, since without the constant reinforcement of that Radiance it is incapable of that constant self-transformation which is the essence of real life.

Good and Evil in Art

"Left-wing intellectuals" often profess admiration for M. André Gide. M.

Gide is a novelist of exceptional talent, but his work has been vitiated by a tendency to champion many subversive and immoral causes. In recent years he has become an avowed communist of the sentimental atheistic type. It is quite probable that his works have done incalculable harm, if only because they are in large part dedicated to the doctrine that any effort towards moral or spiritual betterment is useless and a waste of human energies that should be devoted to "self-expression" and physical pleasure.

M. Claudel, who believes that only the Spirit has "survival-value", made a terse and caustic comment upon the counterfeit quality of all immoral art. *Le mal ne compose pas:* evil does not create. M. Henri Massis undertook the almost impossible task of explaining to M. Gide what this sentence means. We paraphrase a few sentences from his letter (*La Revue Universelle*, January 1, 1938):

> For a Catholic, like Claudel, evil is a pure deficiency, a privation, a *lack*, and can therefore have no positive existence. Human evil is, indeed, nothing else but the lack of one or many of the factors which condition the presence of good, together with the consciousness of this lack. Man must remain in the order of the Good, in order to *be*, in order to develop according to his nature; if he commit evil, he diminishes himself, he ceases even to be really a *self*, he robs himself, even while he imagines that he is adding something to himself. It is not in so far as it is itself that a being, issued from God, is the source of evil; but in so far as it is limited, in so far as it is "non-being".

It is interesting to apply these considerations to art, to the works of man's heart and brain and hands. It is as if there were a rigorous law of "natural selection" which determines the "survival-value" of each work. To take literature for instance; it is a fact that only the scriptures and the classics really survive in the memory of humanity from generation to generation. Not only do they survive, but in some way they seem to contrive to illumine consciousness, even when they are not read. How many people read little or nothing except trash, and yet some uncorrupted instinct causes them to throw the trash away, while they keep the Bible and Shakespeare in the bookcase! So it appears that the durability of a particular work is actually prescribed, not by its "public" which may be always small and at certain intervals actually non-existent, but by the purity of the *motive* which impelled its author to compose it. If the motive be primarily a "consuming need of order and love", something will be brought into being that will continue to exist as an inspiration to others. In our opinion, it will continue to exist as an inspiration, even if the composition itself be engulfed in the ocean of physical time. After all, time is an illusion, and any creation, great or small, eternally is, as a life-giving fact in the real world. Let us not think with despair of all the monuments of man's spirit which have disappeared from the earth. What is real in them has not vanished from the Universe, for that reality is of the spirit and not of matter.

What we have sufficient cause to bewail to-day is the multiplication of trash. "Evil" may seem to be a big word to apply to the average "best-seller" in any department of letters. But there is no other word to apply, if we think of evil as privation and non-being, for these works are as empty of substance as the

reflection of a reflection. Moreover, although evil is non-being "under the form of the Eternal", on the planes of illusion it can take on the semblance of a powerful force which attracts and fascinates. The most miserable of literary concoctions, in so far as it stimulates and justifies the lower nature of the reader and denies the reality of any higher Nature, contributes to the work of Satan and all his host.

Evil cannot create, but on the planes where it is active it can destroy. That is the supreme danger at this moment. Nations and multitudes have been persistently instructed by both "art" and "science" in the doctrine that man has no reality apart from his body and the so-called "self" which depends for its existence upon the body. Is it any wonder that this age is not rich in the production of classics? A classic is not produced by the author alone. It is, so to speak, the fruit of a collaboration of the author with potencies higher than himself and which he draws to himself from the "causal world" by the force of faith and strong desire. In the arts, as in every phase of existence, "lower nature unaided fails". Nothing can make any work a classic—neither technical skill nor the most accomplished craftsmanship—if it be not illumined by a light from on high.

The Creation of Living Souls

The supreme art, of which all others are reflections, is the art of creating a real self, the fashioning from one's own being of a living soul. This is the task which sooner or later every man must set himself to fulfil, or perish. There can be no escape from the tyranny of evil and illusion, until the human being recognizes his "individuality as not himself, but that thing which he has with pain created for his own use, and by means of which he purposes, as his growth slowly develops his intelligence, to reach to the life beyond individuality". That recognition can only come in its fulness as the effect of a love which attracts the fire from Heaven. The human ego must turn away from itself as an object of contemplation towards the Divine Power which gave it birth and to which it belongs. Or, to state the same idea less abstractly, joy and peace and power will come to him who sets forth with an indomitable will to find his Master, his spiritual Father, in the real world.

To the world, as at present constituted, such words must doubtless seem unintelligible or, at best, mere "counsels of perfection". However, students of Theosophy have no longer the least excuse for doubting the "divine possibilities" in man. Living souls *can* be created within the matrix of our physical existence. The way to chêlaship, to the Great Lodge, *is* open; and it is seen to be the normal way for man, the continuation of the road along which Divine Nature has guided the "Pilgrim", the Monad, throughout the long æons of evolution and involution. As the plant grows by responding to the rays of the physical or *pranic* sun, so the Higher Self, which is potential in mortal man, can become active and conscious if the human being respond without reservation to the radiance of the Divine Sun, streaming down upon each soul from and through the Master on whose ray it is.

CONVENTION, 1938

WE HAVE all come from a Convention that was vibrant with a call to chêlaship. I have considered what the reactions, in the weeks that have followed, may have been.

The stimulation of those hours having passed, the great wave of force that swept through that assembly-room having gone forth into the world beyond, where are we? And how is it with us, as we look back on those hours, reflecting on what was said, and on our impressions and response?

To that question each will make his own reply.

There must be those, I fancy, to whom it now seems like a beautiful dream, too lovely, too iridescent with the lights of heaven, to last upon this drab and weary earth,—at least to last for such as they (they say). Yet in some inner shrine, where are treasured sweet and sacred things, they cherish its memory,—the memory of a moment when they seemed to touch the heights, and hear the music of the very spheres. O friends, cherish those memories for evermore, since in that winged moment you really lived. It contains the promise of a future, which a stronger faith, to be won some day, please God, will give you. Remember it, remember it: do not let the noise and rush of ordinary life put it from your minds. It is well for a man to have really lived, if only for an hour; well for him to have discovered his true longing, to have had a glimpse of that for which he exists.

There will be others too—though one turns with sadness from the thought—who have rather a sense of shame when they remember. They fancy they were carried away, beyond the level of their normal common sense, in a momentary excitement, permitting their feet to be lifted from the safe, firm ground of rational behaviour. Maybe we can say that was a natural reaction, especially in such of them as were young and inexperienced, still under the glamour of the notion that the world is balanced, and that the earth is firm. They will need to live longer, much longer, many incarnations probably; but the fulness of the time having come, when the burden of their experience will be crushing them, there will be for them also the memory of a call. Then, we shall dare to hope, they will turn from the emptiness of what they have sought and found, to the richness of life immortal.

For, if chêlaship means anything, it means the beginning of immortality. No wonder that a man faces it awe-struck and trembling. Like one born in a

cavern, he stands dazed and frightened at the revelation of a noon-day sun, and shrinks back into the accustomed darkness with a sense almost of relief. When the Divinity within him stirs, claiming its birthright, he sees himself about to launch upon a perilous sea. And so in truth he is.

But then, O then is the test of him,—whether he be a *man*, with a man's love of adventure and glad willingness to strive and risk for a coveted goal, a man's wish to step up and out from the commonplace into wider fields and higher positions; or whether he merely be the ghost of a man, that, under an appearance of such feelings, seeks the well-beaten paths and the safety of old ways. It is all a question of vision, of realization, of his point in evolution, and whether he be pressing forward or slipping back.

Untold millions to-day are refusing to evolve—for this is a crucial time, the new race is forming; and in ages to come their masses will be rotting on the shore, where the tide of life and spiritual progress left them.

In all justice we cannot expect that there could be many for whom chêlaship would have the least attraction. It is in fact meaningless, save to the very few.

There are those, however, to whom chêlaship means everything,—the call of it, the lure of it, commands whatever they are; and this by no outer compulsion, but as the flaming desire of the heart. The "small, old path" leads on from one prospect, to another still more lovely; and all that nourishes the heart and enriches the mind and exalts the whole nature, floods over it. Danger, yes; struggle and sacrifice, yes; sharp conflicts and suffering, yes. What of it? For the Radiance is there, and the Glory just beyond. Above all, one Presence is to be found there—there only in completeness—whose beauty is worth any price, and who makes the music and the meaning of the world.

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Many times has this call been sounded, notably in 1922. Must that Voice once more call in vain?

In God's name come over and help us. The need is so great.

K.

FORCE AND ITS MOULDS

ONE of the most common and one of the most unnecessary causes of unhappiness in the world is the sense of life as purposeless and futile, a meaningless, dull routine. Everyone knows how the presence or absence of purpose completely alters the aspect of identical actions. Set a boy on a summer's day to digging a ditch the reason for which he cannot understand, and the shovel will weigh a ton. Set him to digging for buried pirate gold, and the earth will fly. A mother will go without sleep for night after night with a joyful heart, if thereby she is enabled to help her sick child. Take away the motive, and the sleeplessness would be unrelieved torture. Our purpose—or lack of it—determines the spirit in which we approach all things. In fact, to find one's soul is, among other things, to find one's purpose in life, the reason why one incarnated.

One of the glad messages of Theosophy is that no life need be purposeless, that any and all circumstances, no matter how narrow and restricted they appear, can be used both for the benefit of the world and for the personal spiritual growth of the individual concerned. A bed-ridden invalid who never leaves her sick-room, a hard working farmer on an isolated farm, a woman living alone in a cottage, may all be, if they will, powerful centres for good in the world. Few things would do more to transform their lives than the realization of their opportunity.

Ever since the time of Zoroaster, some ten thousand years ago, life has been described as a battle, a never-ending warfare between the powers of righteousness and the powers of evil, with every man, whether he be aware of it or not, a soldier on one side or the other. This fight goes on, not only in the world around him, but inside each man, a constant struggle between what he knows he ought to do and what he thinks he wants to do, the better against the dearer, a battle a great deal older than the hills. In view of his centuries of experience with it, it is extraordinary how little man knows of the nature of the fight, or of the weapons with which it is waged on his behalf. For, fortunately for him, it is waged not only by him but also for him by those far greater than he, else he had long ago been overwhelmed.

Weapons are two-edged, and so long as men fight as often or oftener for evil than for good, it is not hard to see why they have not been permitted to know more of spiritual weapons and of the way they may be used. Nevertheless, there are hints in theosophical writings that enable us to get a glimpse of what is going on, and of how those who wish to do so may take their part in the battle. Behind all life and all cosmic processes, Theosophy sees, in place of chaos and the play of blind forces in the universe, a plan designed by infinite love, wisdom and compassion, a plan overseen and carried out by a hierarchy of great spiritual Beings, a hierarchy stretching all the way from the Supreme to man. Man

himself is, or ought to be, a part of this hierarchy, with his own function to perform in the evolution of the universe. The leaders in the battle against evil are the Masters of Wisdom, the "just men made perfect". In that battle, every man is given, with fine courtesy, the opportunity to help those above him, and so to repay some tiny part of all they have sacrificed for him throughout the ages. Consciously or unconsciously, every one helps or hinders, for it is eternally true that "he who is not with Me is against Me".

In "War Seen from Within" (THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, January, 1915), Mr. Griscom, writing under the pen name of Men-Tek-Nis, pictured each act of nobility, self-sacrifice or devotion, as providing force which the Masters of the White Lodge can use in their ceaseless warfare against the powers of darkness. Masters may draw on limitless power from above, but, under the law forbidding any interference with man's free will, this force can be used on earth only at the risk of dangerous reactions, since, if rejected or perverted, it releases an equal amount of energy for the use of the evil powers. Force of the right type, created by men themselves through faithfulness, devotion or sacrifice, can be used and multiplied many times with safety and without reactions. In this law that men must themselves provide at least a portion of the force needed for their salvation, would seem to lie the answer to a number of problems, among them to the question that has puzzled so many people: "Why pray for others when surely a loving God will give them all that would be for their good without prayers from us?" The fact that man must attain by his own efforts, must earn his own advance in evolution, is fundamental in the universe, and the Masters do not interfere with that law. But vicarious atonement is also a fact in the universe. Power provided by one man through prayer, one of the most potent of forces, may be used to help another over a hard time. Doubtless it has to be repaid in the course of the ages, just as in double figure-skating each of two partners provides his own momentum, yet each is able to give his partner support at the weak point of his stroke, receiving support at his own weak point later.

That prayer is a force is difficult for many people to realize, as their idea of force is too often limited to the tangible, with no conception at all of different kinds. They may grant the existence of mental force, but probably feel that the word is being used figuratively. To understand life, it is essential to grasp the truth of the theosophical tenet that force, substance and consciousness are all aspects of the same unity, that there is no force without some kind of consciousness, and no consciousness without its own form of force and its own vehicle of matter. The type of consciousness determines the type of force. Anger evokes one kind of force, compassion another, and so on. What we might call the raw material of force in the store-house of the universe is constantly being transmuted by man into higher or lower forms and sent out into the atmosphere of the world, for good or evil, as the case may be. The letters of the Master K. H. in the *Occult World* are illuminating on this point:

> In conformity with exact science you would define but one cosmic energy, and see no difference between the energy expended by the traveller who pushes aside the bush

that obstructs his path, and the scientific experimenter who expends an equal amount of energy in setting a pendulum in motion. We do; for we know there is a world of difference between the two. The one uselessly dissipates and scatters force, the other concentrates and stores it. And here please understand that I do not refer to the relative utility of the two, as one might imagine, but only to the fact that in the one case there is but brute force flung out without any transmutation of that brute energy into the higher potential form of spiritual dynamics, and in the other there is just that. Please do not consider me vaguely metaphysical. The idea I wish to convey is that the result of the highest intellection in the scientifically occupied brain is the evolution of a sublimated form of spiritual energy, which, in the cosmic action, is productive of illimitable results; while the automatically acting brain holds, or stores up in itself, only a certain quantum of brute force that is unfruitful of benefit for the individual or humanity. The human brain is an exhaustless generator of the most refined quality of cosmic force out of the low, brute energy of Nature; and the complete adept has made himself a centre from which irradiate potentialities that beget correlations upon correlations through Aeons of time to come.

Parenthetically, we have here the answer to the theories of modern science in regard to "Entropy" and the "running down" of the universe. Left to itself, the "random element" does tend to increase, and force tends to return to the low, brute potential of nature. These tendencies are constantly being counteracted by the purposeful and selective action of life in its various manifestations. The soil around the roots of a tree, for example, is a more or less random mixture of a number of elements. From these the living roots of the tree select the nitrogen, the carbon or the moisture which the tree desires and which are then built into the highly complex structure of the wood, reducing the "random" element and raising the potential of force correspondingly. All life does this to a greater or less extent.

Intellection, as Master K. H. points out, refines energy to a high degree, and love, "the only power that moves the spiritual world", raises it to its supreme form. If scientists would abandon the quite arbitrary limitations which they place on the existence of life and consciousness in the universe, and adopt, as a tentative hypothesis, the theosophic viewpoint, they would obtain the answer to a number of the problems that now baffle them. Why, for instance, can the sun radiate energy at the rate of billions of ergs per second, and yet suffer no diminution of its mass? Regard it as living and the problem is greatly simplified or disappears altogether. But to return to our main point.

The letter goes on to speak of the "vast difference between the two qualities of two equal amounts of energy expended by two men, of whom one, let us suppose, is on his way to his daily quiet work, and another on his way to denounce a fellow-creature at the police station. . . . Still less does exact science perceive that while the building ant, the busy bee, the nidifacient bird, accumulates each in its own humble way as much cosmic energy in its potential form as a Haydn, a Plato, or a ploughman turning his furrow, in theirs; the hunter who kills game for his pleasure or profit, or the positivist who applies his intellect to proving that $+ \times + = -$, are wasting and scattering energy no less than the tiger who springs on his prey. They all rob nature instead of enriching her. . . ."

Not only does each action, in accordance with the motive that actuates it, refine and store, or coarsen and scatter, energy, but nature is also enriched or robbed by every thought of man, for each thought "upon being evolved passes into the inner world, and becomes an active entity", enduring for a longer or shorter period in accordance with the original intensity with which it was generated. "Thus a good thought is perpetuated as an active, beneficent power, an evil one as a maleficent demon."

The fact that men on their way to their quiet daily work, and, in truth, birds, ants and bees as well, are all in their way and degree storing force and enriching nature, alters one's entire picture of life, and reveals something of its possibilities and significance. It further deprives the most obscure of any excuse for feeling that his life is futile and purposeless. There is no life that does not give its opportunity to "store force and enrich nature", thereby leaving the world a little better than it found it. All that is needed is right motive and desire, doing whatever ought to be done, because it ought to be done, offering it, as Mr. Judge wrote, "on the altar of the heart", for love of one's Master and the enrichment of the world.

Imagine, for example, a grey-haired New England woman living alone in a little house in an elm-shaded village street. She had, perhaps, nursed an invalid father until his death left her, at fifty, with no relatives, few neighbours, no apparent duties, and just enough money to live with rigid economy in the old house. There are thousands of women in situations like that, and many, perhaps most of them, feel that they have little or nothing to live for. It would transform their lives to realize their opportunity, and that the quiet performance of their daily work, if done with a right motive, in itself enriches the world. But they can do far more than that. One of the purposes of life is to incarnate spirit in matter, taking spirit as the Platonic trinity of truth, beauty, goodness. Every man who speaks the truth, every noble action, every creation of true beauty, is to that extent an incarnation of the spirit. Something is drawn down from heaven and made manifest on earth. When a woman turns a neglected front yard into an orderly, beautiful garden, she may make it an act of far-reaching spiritual effect. What is needed is love, an intensity of desire to serve, and a clear realization of why she is doing it.

It is very difficult for us to realize the power of such acts, yet we have analogies. It does not matter where a poem is written, or on how small or old a piece of paper. A printer can reproduce it, and it may move millions through centuries of time. Our thoughts, desires and actions make moulds in the astral light, and endure according to the intensity put into them. Like the loaves and the fishes with which a small boy provided the Master Christ, they can be reproduced and used to feed, or to harm, thousands. Every time a man plays with a temptation, even though he knows that he will not yield to it, he is adding to the power of that temptation in the atmosphere of the world, and may be adding just the additional force to push over the brink a waverer who otherwise would have stood firm. Conversely, every temptation resisted, every right thought and action, adds to the power of resistance in the world, and pro-

vides a fund on which others in need may draw. Just as with the radio, so minds pick up and are influenced by thought waves from other minds tuned to the same level, high or low, as the case may be.

The subject of astral moulds is a fascinating field for speculation. The world in its present confusion and blindness, desperately needs models for right action. The originals, the ideal manner in which given circumstances should be met, must be made by the Masters themselves, but it would seem that to be effective with men on earth, these moulds must be incarnated, as it were, must be reproduced in the outer world by men acting in accordance with them. Each such reproduction on earth has tremendous spiritual potentialities. One can imagine that, when the world needs such moulds, chêlas may incarnate for the express purpose of making them, by living through experiences planned to call forth the exercise of the particular qualities needed, in the particular way desired. These can then be impressed on the consciousness of men, leading them to emulation. In their lesser degree, aspirants for chêlaship may be given similar opportunities more often than they realize. Let us suppose, for example, that a great nation is about to pass through a period of hard times and difficult readjustments. Suppose, too, that there are those whose ardent desire is to serve. It might well be that the outer circumstances of their lives would be so arranged as to bring them in advance through great financial strain and critical situations that call for the exercise of the high courage, the quiet poise, the indomitable energy, and the faithful reliance on eternal principles, with which the Lodge desires the nation to meet its crisis later on. Of course, no voice from heaven tells them of their privilege and opportunity. They must find that out for themselves.

It is essential to realize that it is the type of force, and not the apparent outer importance of the occasion, that is controlling, and that the type is determined by the motive with which the act is done. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." It is a right spirit that the world needs, not a violent rearrangement of outer circumstances, which, after all, are only a reflection of the inner attitude. The spirit may be the same irrespective of the scale of the action that draws it down from heaven. Something is wrong in the Masters' world, and, with high resolve to make it right, Sir Gareth rides forth from King Arthur's court, Saint Louis leads a crusade to the Holy Land, or a New England woman scrubs her kitchen floor. It may be the angels see little difference between the three acts. If the motive be love, love of right and hatred of wrong, love of the Master at the head of one's ray and passionate desire to carry out his will, that is the spirit that is brought into the world, no matter whether it takes one form or another. The form passes, the spirit remains. The scale of an act is of no importance to the universe,—that is, scale as we measure it. Logically, it cannot matter to the universal creative forces whether it be a galaxy of stars, millions of light years across, or the exquisite, microscopic texture of a gnat's wing that they are moulding. Perhaps the true scale is determined by the intensity and purity, in the occult sense, of the motive, its nearness to the central light of love, the heart of the Eternal Rose. Even in the physical world,

the size of the shadow is determined, not by the object, but by its nearness to the light.

It follows from what has been said, that anyone, in any circumstances, can supply force that may be multiplied and used in the age-long battle of the White Lodge against the Black. If that be true, there is no life that need be dull or futile or purposeless. Our New England woman, never stirring from her village, can supply power that may turn the scale and affect the history of nations. She perhaps refuses to countenance one known to be guilty of shameful immorality, and, in doing so, helps to make a mould in accordance with which, later on, a great nation rejects an unworthy king. The potency of such an act is determined by the degree of understanding and selfless love with which it is done. Neither the understanding nor the love is easy to acquire or often found. If they were, the world had long ago been made the paradise it is destined to become. Nevertheless, they can be acquired. It takes faith to begin, perseverance to continue, and whole-heartedness to succeed. One of the chief difficulties is that we ourselves rarely see results from what we try to do. Results must be left to Masters. Yet we may be certain that no sincere effort ever fails to bear fruit. It has been said that one chêla, meditating alone in his room, can change the atmosphere of a great city. One beginner, honestly striving, will assuredly accomplish far more than he realizes or believes possible, and each effort will bring greater power, and its own reward.

J. F. B. Mitchell.

God demands rather our effort than our success; provided that we labour for his glory, the result is his affair.—Gouraud.

A little lifting of the heart suffices; a little remembrance of God, one act of inward worship, though upon a march and sword in hand, are prayers which, however short, are nevertheless acceptable to God.—Brother Lawrence.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Convention: all of us were full of it when we next assembled. There could be no question as to the remarkable response of those who had been present in the Studio; great demands had been made on their devotion to the cause of Theosophy and the Lodge, and, with very few exceptions, they had adopted a Resolution which embodied those demands in the most explicit and binding terms. While the Resolution in no way committed the Society or the members who did not vote, all of us felt that the way in which it had been received should prove a turning-point in the history of the Movement,—"should", but not necessarily "would"; for the real result, in the nature of things, would depend upon its unseen effect later, when members had resumed the ordinary tenor of their lives. The Convention had lifted us to high levels of endeavour; would the reaction be recognized as the inevitable protest of lower nature, and be brushed aside, or would the reaction come to be regarded as more reasonable—more real—than that which had caused it?

We discussed this question at some length, agreeing, finally, on the safe basis of "who lives will see". One of us, who had so often seen enthusiasm evaporate in cheers, found promise in the fact that the intense feeling of the Convention had been quiet and self-contained: he could not imagine, he said, anything more satisfactory. "How wonderful it will be", he added, "if the dynamics, the underlying occultism, of what members undertook to do, is understood,—the creation of a reservoir, a pool, of endeavour, fed from many different sources, in many different ways, by members widely scattered physically, but each of them 'offering up' the fruit of his efforts—yes, and the fruit of his failures—wholly without self-seeking, for the common purpose which the Resolution sets forth: the flowering of chêlaship in our midst. Masters would be able to do almost anything with such a reservoir to draw upon, fed like that from below."

"What do you mean by 'fed from below'?" asked a younger student.

"I mean that a prayer from hell is worth many prayers from heaven, seeing that in heaven it is impossible not to pray, while in hell it is very difficult,—except for personal ends. I mean that the Lodge can supply unlimited spiritual force from above, but that the lower the level from which force ascends to them, and is placed unreservedly in their hands, the more they can accomplish on the planes where chêlaship *starts*, that is, on the planes of worldly existence."

"It is not easy to believe that an unregenerate like myself can supply the Masters with force", objected the younger student.

The Philosopher now broke in, partly from exasperation, but not without amusement. "O faithless and perverse", he began, half laughing, "what do you do when you walk upstairs, when you dress in the morning, when you

masticate your food (if you do masticate it, which I doubt)? You both use and generate force, and do so without any thought of its ultimate destination. Give it a destination in your mind and heart; say, in effect, 'May this energy, or the fruit of this act, or this effort to do my duty, go into the "pool" for T.S. chêlaship, and be used by the Lodge for that purpose',—and you will be supplying the Masters with force that they can use, but which they cannot generate because they are not low enough down, as it were, in the world of matter."

"If that be true, and the gulf between them and myself be so great, how can they make contact with my offering?"

This question evidently pleased the Philosopher. "You have got the idea", he said, "or in any case an important part of it. The answer to your question is that the point of contact will be the unselfishness of your motive. And that will be one of the magical features of the Convention Resolution if it be really lived. Efforts for individual chêlaship are so often tainted with elements of self: the desire to shine, or to be superior, or to gain the Masters' recognition and favour, or to derive the satisfaction of having attained,—all wrong, and not only wrong, but complete barriers to chêlaship and to any sort of spiritual progress. Efforts on the other hand, such as the Resolution requires—efforts which involve sacrifice, not that *you* may attain, but that someone, anyone among us, may be helped to reach that stage of love and self-forgetfulness at which chêlaship begins,—such efforts almost of necessity will spring from pure charity; and we know what St. Paul said of that.

"I ask myself whether it has ever happened before: that so many men and women, living in the world, amidst the inevitable trials, tribulations and distractions of earthly life, have collectively affirmed their belief in the existence of Masters and the Lodge, and in chêlaship as an immediate possibility, and then, setting self aside, have promised to do their utmost to dedicate their lives, and to give their hearts and minds, to the purposes of the Lodge, 'while always praying that some among us, by the completeness of their self-giving, may make themselves acceptable as chêlas, and may thus become able to complete the Work begun by H.P.B. and Judge' as Lodge agents. If it has been done before, history does not record it so far as I am aware: recognition, followed by the surrender of personal attainment for the sake of a collective good,—a gift of pure love. The idea itself, of course, is as old as the hills. There was Judge in the *Letters That Have Helped Me:* 'Never, *never* desire to get knowledge or power for any other purpose than to give it on the altar.' But now we have an opportunity consciously to work together—not just the few, but the relatively many—not merely as a private, limited endeavour, but as the avowed purpose of most of our members—to offer the fruit of all their efforts on that altar which is the heart of the Lodge. The marvel is that the rank and file of our membership responded with such obvious intensity of desire. Will it last? you say. Naturally, everything depends upon that. There will be forgetfulness and 'backsliding' of course; but I believe that these will be followed by determined struggle to recover what ground has been lost, especially when it is realized that the slackness of one will be a drag on the effort

of others. Members should mark any passage in the Convention Report that particularly appeals to them, and should re-read those passages at fixed intervals as part of their resolution. No matter what we undertake to do or strive for, weariness is certain to prove an obstacle, for lower nature quickly tires, even of its pleasures. It is only charity (which means love) that never faileth —which 'beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things'. We should, therefore, anticipate weariness, and fortify ourselves against it in advance, just as a man would do if training for a race or when undertaking any task requiring perseverance."

"Discouragement", said the Historian, "is likely to prove as serious an obstacle as forgetfulness. We need to remember that it springs from looking for results, and, behind that, from vanity. Are we so superior that we expect never to fail! 'Jumpin' at it belongs to me; gettin' through it belongs to the Lawd', as the darkie said of the stone wall. And while on that subject, let me quote from Jacques D'Arnoux. Some of you read his *Paroles d'un Revenant*, an extraordinary book, published in 1925. He appears to have devoted the intervening years to the study of heroism, particularly in its religious aspects, for he has now written a book of even greater value, entitled *Les Sept Colonnes de l'Héroisme*, the Seven Columns of Heroism, which shows immense erudition and, better than that, prolonged experiment, meditation, experience. It will doubtless be reviewed in the QUARTERLY in due course. I refer to it now because of something he says which bears directly on discouragement,—that defeat invariably begins in the imagination; that once you are in a fight (he is speaking of inner warfare), the man who stops to measure his adversary, to calculate the chances of success, is already half defeated; that, unless he shuts 'with violence' his inner eye against all the phantoms of disaster—if he so much as considers them with the idea of driving them away—he lays himself open to his enemy. If 'angels of evil', he says, can deprive you of the hope of victory by exhausting you through the anticipation of troubles yet to come, they will have gained their objective. Discouragement is often the failure of *future* courage. 'The way of triumph is long; but he who follows it from minute to minute, and never permits himself to measure its distance, will not be crushed by it.' Finally, this very helpful warning: Make ready to do with the fire of your will, everything that you dreamed of doing with the fire of enthusiasm. . . . D'Arnoux's advice is based on universal experience, and therefore is purely theosophical."

"But how can you prepare for battle if you do not 'measure your adversary'?" asked the younger student.

"You prepare for battle before you come to grips; once at grips, it is fatal to think of defeat as possible. Think of yourself as fighting a burglar, or a lunatic: you will realize that the moment you question the outcome, you are nearly done for,—that is, unless the thought of it arouse in you a fury of determination, a greater fury than that of the lunatic. The spiritual combat is not for weaklings, who (to quote D'Arnoux once more), slaves of instinct and fancy, may be recognized infallibly by their inability to say, No."

"May I suggest", the older Student now volunteered, "that a simple method of keeping the Resolution we are discussing, will be to act upon the principle summarized years ago as a 'Filler' in the QUARTERLY in these words: 'Really to serve and to please Him, we must perform not merely the minimum required, but the maximum that loving zeal can discover.' The individual who wrote that, let me add, was one who knew what he was talking about, and if it were adopted as a rule of life, and were acted upon in the performance of our ordinary duties—the extra attention and effort involved being offered up on behalf of the Resolution's objective—I do not know how the 'reservoir' could more effectively be kept filled."

"We should not forget either," said the Philosopher, "that all efforts for an unselfish and spiritual end, will of necessity be reinforced by the Spiritual Powers. Those who really make this Resolution their own, are likely to receive inner help such as they have never experienced before."

"Both the Convention and the Resolution were expected to serve more than one purpose", the Ancient now said; "only Masters know how many. You have been discussing the appeal to the gratitude and generosity of members to contribute, not money, but their desire, thought and will to a common spiritual fund. They did not bind themselves to try to become chêlas, but to make sacrifices that chêlas might become. None the less, much that was said at the Convention, and that some of you have elaborated this afternoon, bears directly on the Four Qualifications for chêlaship of which so much is said in Shankara's *Crest Jewel of Wisdom:* Discernment between the real and the unreal, between the eternal and non-eternal; Freedom from self-indulgence in the fruits of works; Quietude, Control, Cessation, Endurance, Faith, Concentration; and Desire for Liberation from self.

"On the understanding that this does not necessarily apply in the least to those who adopted the Resolution, but only to chêlaship itself, I want to emphasize the importance of Cessation among Shankara's Qualifications, partly because it is so little understood. Shankara explains it as 'the condition of refusing to lean on external things'. Translating that into terms of Western thought, it means (as Ignatius of Loyola phrased it) *not counting the cost;* it means whole-hearted, uncalculating indifference to any risk which others see, but which the aspirant himself does not even think of unless his attention be called to it; it means—once an opportunity to serve is recognized, with the belief that our Master is willing for us to attempt it—it means care-free indifference to all the hazards involved, a sort of divine (not human) recklessness. It is not the spirit of a gambler, because a gambler anticipates his gains. The chêla thinks neither of gain nor loss, of life nor death; he simply hurls himself into the fray.

"Too many, in the spiritual combat, instinctively keep one eye on a 'safe' place somewhere—a place of solid earth—to which they can retire in case of need, and thus unconsciously refuse to detach themselves from the anchorage which is their bane. Love is the remedy; love of one's Master, and the complete self-giving which that love alone achieves."

T.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Morning Session

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was called to order at 64, Washington Mews, New York, at 10.30 a.m., on Saturday, April 30th, 1938, by Mr. Hargrove, Chairman of the Executive Committee, who served as Temporary Chairman of the Convention. A Committee on Credentials was appointed, consisting of Mr. H. B. Mitchell, Miss Perkins, and Mr. Kobbé, to confer and report.

Address of the Chairman, Executive Committee

Mr. Hargrove: As Temporary Chairman it is my great privilege once more to welcome you to a Convention of The Theosophical Society. That I do so with all my heart, you will believe I am sure,—welcoming those who are present, and the many others whose hearts are with us so completely that their physical absence hardly counts. Collectively we welcome and greet also those who have passed to a life of greater intensity—Clement Griscom, Charles Johnston, Archibald Keightley, General Ludlow, Julia Keightley, Katharine Hillard and a host of others—whose love of Masters and the Work unites them inseparably with the Society and with us. Masters would see to it that they are in communion with us to-day.

Then, speaking for those members who believe in the Great Lodge, we reverently salute and greet those of the Masters who, from the beginning, have been with us,—Masters who, after launching the frail bark of the Society in 1875, have not only steered its course from that day to this, but, by their continued sacrifice, have brought it through stormy seas with timbers strengthened and masts renewed. We owe everything to them, and perhaps at this Convention as never before, we shall have an opportunity to show that we are grateful.

Because it is as Chairman of the Executive Committee that I greet you, it has been thought best that I should make my report in that capacity at this time instead of later. You will hear of the Society's outer activities from the report of the Secretary, from the Letters of Greeting, and from the speeches of delegates. I shall confine myself to the Society's inner work, and should like to

remind you that our annual Conventions are the synthesis, the culmination, of the work done, both inner and outer, by Branches and members during the previous twelve months. Now, that work, since the last Convention, has been one of indrawal in the true sense,—that is to say, both members and Branches have tried harder than ever to find and to work from their real centre: and we to-day must crown that effort; we must enter, so far as we can, the world of the Real, our true home; we must breathe, so far as we can, its rarefied atmosphere; we must feel as much as we can of its joy, must see something of its beauty, must draw as close as we can to its spirit and to those Great Ones who *are* that spirit and who reveal it; and, instead of losing ourselves in a "cloud of unknowing", must check the present manner of our lives by what ought to be; must test our working Table of Values by the Table of Values which is changeless, and which all denizens of the Real world accept.

The Real world! Deep in the hearts of all men who are not spiritually dead, there persists a blind longing which they do not understand, and which, as a rule, they try to forget because it lies so close to tears. It is the longing for our true home, the home we forfeited,—to lead us back to which is the purpose of life, and of all joy and sorrow. So many songs that have gripped the hearts of men—songs often trivial in themselves—have done so because they aroused echoes of the soul's desire. Sometimes the music has done this; sometimes the imagery of words. Think, for instance, of the war-time favourite, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary": how few if any of the millions who sang it, had any thought of the Irish county or its Golden Vale. The secret of the song's appeal was that in those days of war, it served to bring to the surface the submerged but ceaseless yearning of the human soul for Paradise. Think of that other song, of greater and more enduring worth (some of you should remember it better than I can): "But we are exiles from our fathers' land. . . . Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas. . . . Yet we in dreams behold the Hebrides." Yes, *behold*,—which is what this Convention should make possible.

I purpose to use the help of Gautama Buddha to lift us from our present world of shadows to that world of the real, that "land o' the leal", that place of peace and light and refreshment of which I have been speaking, and which, pray heaven, some of us will never leave interiorly again.

It was not long before the Buddha died, and Ânanda, the beloved disciple, was urging him not to die in the insignificant village where they then were, but to move to some important city like Benares, where the Buddha had many followers, some of them rich, and where fitting honours could be paid him after his decease. Those of you who have read the *Sutta* (the *Mahâ-Sudassana Sutta*) will remember that the Buddha rebuked Ânanda for this, telling him that what was then a village had once been the capital of a great Kingdom, and that he, the Buddha, had been its King, known to his subjects as the Great King of Glory. He told Ânanda something of the life, both inner and outer, of that long-dead King, and described, among other things, the King's habitual method of indrawal to the Real world,—described, in effect, the first step of *your* indrawal as you entered the Studio not many minutes ago, and your still further indrawal

into that world as this Convention will proceed. Follow, please, here and now, the path of the Great King of Glory.

Now the Great King of Glory, Ânanda, ascended toward the inner chamber, and when he had come there, he stood at the door, and there he broke into a cry of intense emotion:

"Stay here, O thoughts of worldly craving!
"Stay here, O thoughts of ill-will!
"Stay here, O thoughts of hatred!"

And when, Ânanda, the Great King of Glory had entered the inner chamber, having put away all unrighteousness, he passed into, and remained in, a state of joy and ease, born of seclusion, full of reflection, full of inner seeking,—self-possessed, a state of intense elevation of mind and heart.

And then, Ânanda, there appeared to him the heavenly Treasure of the Wheel; and the Great King of Glory, holding in his left hand a pitcher, with his right hand reverently sprinkled water up over the Wheel, as he said:

"*Roll onward, O my Lord, the Wheel! O my Lord, go forth and overcome!*"

You, as you entered this inner chamber—this chamber of your heart—did not say, I imagine, what the Great King of Glory cried out with such emotion: there was no need, because your eager expectation in itself was magical, and brought about the same result. You were looking forward, expectant, and dropped without effort the cares, temptations and evils of the world and lower nature, thus making it possible for you to find something at least of what the Great King of Glory found: a state of joy and ease, a state of intense elevation of mind and heart. And you are realizing already, I think, that you are sharing that state of mind and heart with others, with all your fellows; that you are experiencing unity as perhaps you have never experienced it before,—unity of will and purpose, reinforcing marvellously your own determination (because this Convention would be a failure indeed, if it did not conclude with an indomitable determination). Then, as you enter more and more into the spirit, into the being of this Convention, as you partake of its substance and its gifts, I hope and pray that you will discover for yourselves how truly Masters are present with us. You may even feel their aura surrounding and containing this assembly; may even discover for yourselves that within that aura this place sings and throbs with prayer,—with the prayers of those present, and of those absent, and with prayers inherent in the Movement itself. Imagine, if you will, what those prayers are. It will in any case need no psychic or spiritual power, and but little imagination, to hear the prayers going forth from here, whether you are aware of the response or not. "Send us fire from heaven, O my brothers! Send us fire from heaven!" And you can imagine, if you choose, that some member of the Lodge, perhaps fighting his way over the Andes, pauses as he hears that cry for reinforcement, and turns to look, and sees this assembly, and hears the same cry repeated,—"Send fire from heaven, O my brothers; send fire from heaven!" And like an arrow from the bow he sends a shaft of himself, of his Kundalini, to set our hearts on fire, to give us something of his courage, that we may go forward as he went forward, to victory.

Then, if you will listen again, I am certain you will hear a prayer for final perseverance,—a cry far-reaching, insistent: "Give us final perseverance, oh

you who have overcome, you who are compassionate, you who are strong through suffering; give us the power to fight, unwavering to the end!"

There are other prayers, part of the life of the Movement, part of its fibre, which we have inherited from the distant past, and which a Convention such as this makes present and immediate,—vibrant in our united aura: the prayers of Buddhist Arhats, of Hindu sannyâsis, of Sufî mystics, of Christian saints and martyrs, and of Adepts of every nation and period. All these prayers are yours, if you will make them yours; they *are* yours through your membership in the Society which is the link the Lodge has established with the world. Many of these prayers you will remember.

> This day we have a Father, who from His ancient place rises, hard-holding His course, grasping us that we stumble not in the trials of our lives. . . . If it be well, we shall meet, and the light of Thine eyes make mine glad. . . . This much I make prayer to Thee: Go Thou on Thy way!

The prayer of a Stoic, some would say; yet, though in Zuni Indian form, it is the prayer of the Christian Master, "Thy will be done".

Perhaps, however, of all the prayers that belong to us by right of inheritance (if we will claim our inheritance), that which best epitomizes the spirit and purpose of our Convention is the heart-broken cry of St. Rose of Lima, "Ah Love, thou art not loved, thou are not loved!"—the cry of all those who, having been brought to their knees by some sense of their Master's love, and having felt in their hearts the abiding sorrow and humility of those terrible words of the prophet, "Oh my people, what have I done unto thee? Wherein have I wearied thee?"—have risen from their knees possessed by one desire, one determination: This shall no longer be! He must and shall be loved. He, the Beloved, who has given all things, forgiven all things, endured all things for love of us, can no longer be left to beg the leavings of our lives and hearts; hereafter he must and shall come first, must and shall be King in fact as well as in name,—King, to begin with, of our own small kingdom, of all we have and are; and then, working from that reconquered centre, we must go forth to live and labour to bring his Kingdom to him,—to make him King for ever of that vast domain which to-day rejects him.

To make our wills steadfast at that point, and to understand once for all that the obstacles in our path are of our own making, to be swept aside with comparative ease, once we recognize their origin,—these two steps forward will be taken by all of us, I pray, before this Convention ends. Further, as a result of that better understanding and more resolute will, and because of our united and vivid realization that the spiritual world is our true home, that it is here and now—surrounding us, penetrating us, lifting us, blessing us—a realization, let us hope, never to be lost again—there should arise from this Convention such unity of purpose, such one-pointed aspiration, such invincible determination, that H.P.B.'s last prayer on earth will be answered—that we keep the link unbroken; answered because it will no longer be her prayer only, nor ours, but *yours*; answered in the one way possible,—by the flowering once more of

chêlaship in our midst, for the salvation of the Society and for the salvation of the race.

The Report of the Committee on Credentials was then called for, presented, and accepted, after which, Mr. H. B. Mitchell was elected Chairman of the Convention, and Miss Perkins and Miss Chickering, Secretary and Assistant Secretary.

Address of the Chairman

The Chairman: It is significant of the guidance that has been given the Society from its inception, that we find, year after year, as we listen to what is said in these Conventions, that we have all been moved by a common inspiration. It is so to-day. What I had planned to lay before you is in essence the same as what we have just heard, and what, doubtless, will be repeated later,—the same needs and truths being reflected from different minds, so that they stand out boldly in being thus viewed from such varying angles.

All that I have to say may be summed in a single question, though to its implications I can set no limit. Can we, members of The Theosophical Society, to whom has been given a vision of *Theou Sophia*, Divine Wisdom,—can we respond to it with love? For love is the only response that is effective. The root of all other powers, and able to generate them from within itself, it is the only one that can meet our need. The question is, therefore, Can we love the Divine Truth and Beauty and Goodness that have been shown us through the years?

That is all; but it will be found far-reaching. It is not a new question. We have heard it voiced with steadily increasing insistence at Convention after Convention. It is voiced with even greater insistence to-day. And the reason for this is, that, year by year as the cycles advance, the issues involved in this question become more momentous. It becomes more pressing, more impossible to postpone.

We all remember what H.P.B. wrote of the hundred-year cycle, in accordance with which The Theosophical Society was founded by the Masters, the cyclic law permitting them to make a special effort, in the last quarter of each century, to bring to mankind knowledge of its true heritage and divine potentialities. She told us that that outgoing and outgiving from the Lodge had to come to an end with the close of the century, and that the Masters could not send again, in the same way into the world, until the last quarter of the next century. Some of our members gave considerable study to tracing these cyclic outgivings from the Lodge; and in the old volumes of the Quarterly we shall find a number of articles by Mr. Griscom dealing with the history of the Movement in past centuries, and showing how dominating was the cyclic law.

It required no study to recognize the action of the law in our own Society and experience. Precisely as foretold, there came the crisis at the end of the century, between 1898 and 1900. But for the first time in the age-long history of the Movement, the shattering force of the crisis was met by a greater power of love, which, holding fast to the Lodge, carried the Movement over the close

of the cycle, so that it entered ground it had never entered before. It did not disintegrate as in the past, when the direction of the cyclic current changed, but, maintaining the link unbroken, gave to the Lodge what it had never before had in our western civilization, a focal point in the world from which to work in the in-breathing phase of the cycle.

From 1900 on, therefore, our continued existence has created wholly new conditions. Year has been added to year, each a unique achievement, keeping open the door of opportunity and a path from the world to the Masters. However thin our line of connection may at times have been, we have still kept it unbroken, and still pressed forward into unexplored territory. Seventy-five years separated us from the time when we might expect a new Messenger or group from the Lodge to take over the work that has been ours. Do we realize that to-day half of that seventy-five years has passed? A full twenty-five year cycle and half of another? Our Society was founded in November, 1875. The twenty-five years of its "expectation of life" brought it to November, 1900. To May, 1938, is just thirty-seven and a half years more, and brings us to the dead-centre of our course.

It is easy to see how crucial this point must be for us, when we think of the way in which an engine works. The expanding power of the steam or gas, within the cylinder, drives the piston back and forth, and by means of a connecting rod and crank, this back and forth motion is turned into circular motion, imparted to the wheel. But when the piston is at the extreme limit of its stroke in either direction, at the point where it ceases, let us say, to move forward and turns back,—at the point where the piston-rod and the connecting rod and the centre of the wheel are all in one line,—there the engine can exert no force upon the wheel to turn it. If the wheel were to stop at that point, neither push nor pull of the piston, no matter how powerful, could move it. Over that point it can be carried only by a force acting from a different angle, or by its own momentum. That is why single-acting engines are built with heavy fly-wheels, to increase the momentum, and to take care of sudden shocks and variations in load. The analogy shows clearly the nature of the test our Society is now facing: Are we of sufficient weight, have we of ourselves enough momentum, to carry us past this dead centre, so that the great engine of the Lodge force may again energize and move us?

The Theosophical Society was founded to be a bridge between the inner world and the outer, or, in the words of *Light on the Path*, "a link between man and his divine part, . . . between the stir of the market place and the stillness of the snow-capped Himalayas". Throughout the year we invite to our meetings all those, in the world, who, for any reason, even the most trivial may be interested to come. On this day only, in its annual Convention, the Society meets alone. The door which has been open to the knock of the world, is to-day opened only to our own members. We withdraw from the world that, as its clamour is silenced, we may hear more clearly the voice of the Society's own Soul, and the will for it of its "Father in the Heavens". To-day we meet and concern ourselves only with our own.

Who are our own? What do we find as we enter here? Again Mr. Hargrove has answered for us. We see the faces of old friends and new; those who have been our comrades through the years, and those whose tests and battles still lie before them. But I think there can be very few of us who are not seeing also, with the inner eyes of memory and gratitude and love, comrades whom we can no longer greet physically, but whose presence we none the less feel,—whose lives, given to the Work, still live in it. There can be few of us who can speak of our Society, or our work, or our philosophy, and not be keenly conscious of those from whose hands these came to us; who kindled with their own flame such fuel as we could bring, and who are, whether in life or death, an indissoluble part of our Movement. Mr. Hargrove called the names of some, personally closest and dearest to us, whose pictures are here upon our walls. But back of them, back of Judge and H.P.B., are those who sent them forth,—rank upon rank of flame-bearers, the endless hierarchy of the servants of Divine Wisdom and Divine Compassion, the Great Lodge of Masters and their chêlas.

We all know that The Theosophical Society has no dogmas nor official beliefs, not even belief in the great Masters who founded it, and who have maintained and guarded it through all the years of its life. But here, where we meet to plan for the Society's needs, in fulfilment of the trust that has devolved upon us, each of us must base what he says upon the facts as he himself knows or sees them. To very many of us the primary facts are these which I have just stated: that our Society owes its being to the Great Lodge of Masters; that it was founded at their direction, to serve as an instrument for their work, a link between them and the world. There was nothing in the world capable of forming that link. It had to be made from above, from the Lodge, *and be and remain part of the Lodge*. "All the road to heaven is heaven." "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me", can be said only by the Master. It is true only of "man's divine part", of what pertains to the Lodge and the Spirit, never of the personality or of anything of the world. Thus the T.S. is a bridge, but the two piers of the bridge are not equal, nor do they fulfil an equal function. We can, as to-day, shut out the world; and in that exclusion find ourselves the more whole and complete. But to shut out the Lodge would be to shut out all that has made, and that makes us what we are. Shutting out its "divine part", it would shut out the Society's very Self. Our Conventions bring this truth close home to us.

I do not think that any of us can put into words the vision that Theosophy has brought him, but it is only as we realize something of the profound difference it has made in our whole outlook, that we can understand the nature of our responsibility. The recognition, of which I have just spoken, that our Movement emanates from the Great Lodge of Masters, involves the recognition, also, that the true being of man, as man, stretches out to the Lodge, and includes limitless divine potentialities of which the modern world has lost all consciousness. There is, for us, "no bar or wall" separating man from the Divine, and this perception gives to human life a splendour of opportunity and purpose which is in sharpest contrast to the despairing pessimism of material philosophy.

Through the twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, we see justice and mercy and love, where others can see only injustice and cruelty; and to us death is no more the end, than is the sleep that separates our active days. How are we to tell of these gifts which Theosophy has brought us, and of the new life to which they lead? We have heard "unspeakable words", and of their truth have become the custodian.

I think of the opening of St. John's Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word." It was so with us. In the beginning was the "Word" which H.P.B. brought us, telling us of the theosophical philosophy, and of the laws of the inner world and the soul,—intellectual doctrines that changed all our thinking, and opened long vistas into unimagined possibilities. But that is not all. St. John goes on: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth." Perhaps we recognize in that phrase, "the only begotten of the Father", the mystery characterization of accepted chêlaship.

It is not only the Word that has been given us; it is the incarnating Word, and we have seen it incarnating. As we look back to our companions in the past, our predecessors in the Movement, have we not a clear remembrance of how, despite the veil of the personality, they showed us "grace and truth", and the transforming power of the theosophical doctrines that had been taught to them and to us? Have we not had proof, in them, of the power and the beauty of the incarnating spirit of Theosophy, of faith and courage, and the self-giving to a Cause that swallowed up all thought of self? And have we not each felt, in his own way and in his own nature, that same power of Theosophy contending against all the meannesses and littlenesses in his personality,—the power of the Perfect seeking incarnation in the imperfect, striving to make of it an instrument it can use, struggling to lift it from unlikeness to likeness? We cannot have knowledge and escape responsibility for its use. From such vision as is ours, the question must inevitably arise that confronts us to-day. To us has come light. Are we to prove that we prefer the darkness? Or can we genuinely love the light, and turn to it with whole-hearted self-giving?

This is the crisis to which the cycle has brought us, where none can help us but ourselves, since none can answer this question for another. I used the mechanical analogy of an engine, as the stroke of the piston came to its dead centre. But living analogies are better and truer; for this is no mere mechanical matter, but a question that goes to the heart of the individual life. Mr. Hargrove spoke of the prayers that arise from these Conventions. You remember his words: "Send fire from heaven." I suspect that very few of us have ever come to these Conventions without some such prayer in our hearts. Yet as I came here this morning, I realized that what was uppermost in my mind, and dominant in my desires for the day, was not something that I could pray that the Great Lodge might give us, but something which I prayed that we ourselves might give the Lodge. Do we know how to ask more than they have given us? Is there more of beauty that they can show us? More of holiness, more of truth? Is there anyone who feels he has reached the limit of what was offered,

rather than the limit of his own ability or willingness to receive? Is there more of fire to kindle us, that they can send us? More than they have sent through these sixty-two and a half years?

It is like the crisis in an illness, where doctor and nurse have done all that medical skill can do until the patient himself makes some response, and the issue rests with him, dependent upon his inner vitality and will to live. Or like a General, in battle, who has thrown in his last reserves. The issue is now with his men; in their past training; in their response to the present demand; in their will to victory; and the ability to hold that will the minute longer than the enemy, which achieves victory.

So, it has seemed to me, the issue of this day does not rest with the Lodge. It rests with us.

But though great issues hang upon the answer, let us not complicate the question itself. It is simply whether we really love the loveliness we have been shown. The response asked is the response of love; that is all. If we love what the Great Lodge loves, then we take our place with them. Otherwise we cannot do the work which now must be done to maintain the link. It can be done only by those who love what Theosophy stands for, and who have given themselves to it.

It is no question of our virtues or powers. We are not called to great acts of heroism beyond our small capacities. We are not asked to be perfect. Our question is not one of statics but of dynamics. We are asked only whether we cannot love the Perfect. If we can, then we shall seek union; and desiring to move toward what we love, we shall move. Drawn by what we have seen, consciously and purposefully we shall move in accordance with it, pressing on, in forgetfulness of all lesser things, to the reality and supreme worth which Theosophy has shown us.

Nevertheless, as I have said, simple as the question is, great issues hang upon the answer. The reason is that, in it, we are dealing with the inner, primal and central powers of the Universe, so that a small effect, accomplished here, becomes enormously magnified as it radiates through the outer world. Dante, reaching the Ninth Heaven, beyond which is only the Empyrean, eternally above all mutation, sees the *Primum Mobile* of all the worlds in the motion of the Seraphim, responding with love and adoration to their vision of God, as the Divine Light falls upon them. By that movement of love, which makes God its centre, the whole universe is drawn in sweeping circles, that rise and narrow as they revolve. And in this, Dante is shown the origin of all other forces and motion,—the cause of evolution and of cyclic law, and the roots of time, which measures them,—so that the entire system of Nature is revealed as one vast movement of love and desire for union with God, as its final rest. There is more than one lesson here that it would profit us to learn, but we are immediately concerned to note that it is not the Seraphims' own power that moves creation, but the Light of God reflected in their love. So with us. It is not we that can do the work, but the light of Divine Wisdom itself, the vision of Theosophy which is ours, reflected in our love of it.

Sometimes I wonder whether the casual reader of the reports of our

Conventions in the QUARTERLY, must not think that we take ourselves with an absurd seriousness. Does it seem like the delusion of grandeur to say, as we do say, that the whole world may be altered by what is done in our small Society? It is not so. We have no illusions about ourselves. Indeed, from one point of view, the more commonplace and unimportant we are as individuals, the more important might be our actions. For if we be a "run-of-the-mine" sample of humanity, our present response to the light we see may predicate the future response of all mankind. Moreover, the size of a shadow is not dependent alone upon the size of the object which casts it. It depends also upon the closeness to the light, and to the light of Theosophy we have been drawn close. Again, if we believe that the Society was founded by the Great Lodge, we cannot avoid the corollary that all it does will prove archetypal, making moulds which the future will fill. Or, to use another simile, we are like the handful of earth into which a seed has fallen. The sower sows his seeds, and they fall here and there. Until they have fallen, one handful of earth is little different from another; but afterwards, the earth where the seed has lodged becomes charged with all the potentialities of the seed itself. Not because of anything of our own, but because of what has been given us, we, and what we do, have become of vast significance. It is we who have been given the vision of Theosophy; it is we alone who *can* respond to it.

We do not give the heed we should to the fragility of consciousness, nor commonly realize how easily it may lose its hold upon any realm of being. You very rapidly cease to be conscious of what does not interest you, and of which you do not intend to make any use. Even in physical sight, experiments in camouflage suggest that we "see" only what has significance for us, and this is far more true of mental and spiritual sight, in the inner world of ideas and ideals. Thus if we do not respond to such vision as we have, we lose it; and if we lose it, it is lost to the world,—for in the world, we are its custodians. If the vision is lost, the possibility of realizing it is lost.

Once this truth comes home to us, we see it illustrated on every side. Wherever we look in our civilization, we see the consequences of man's loss of consciousness of spiritual realities, a loss that has been due to disregard. Religion is no longer taught in our schools. It is beyond the pale of our science. In many of the churches its name has been prostituted to a sentimental humanitarianism that worships only material comfort. Everywhere it is ignored; and disregard soon passes into denial. Without faith or knowledge of his spiritual heritage, man turns his desires back to the mere animal gratifications that can never satisfy him; and retrogression and disintegration spread through his nature and his works.

It was not for ourselves that Theosophy was given us, but that we should preserve its truths for the need of the world. Our responsibility lies in this: that truth can live only where it is lived. It is useless to enthrone it and lock it away in the strong-room of dogma. When the need comes, and the door is opened, the throne is found empty.

There is curious testimony that this is not a mere figure of speech. In his Terry Lectures on *Psychology and Religion*, recently published, Professor Jung

adduces the evidence of the subconscious, revealing, through dreams, the historic symbols of the seat of Deity, but revealing that seat now as empty, or as occupied only by an image of the man himself (p. 96). "As soon", Professor Jung comments, "as a god ceases to be an overwhelming factor, he becomes a mere name. His essence is dead, and his power is gone." Earlier, he points out that our civilization has forgotten that man's life, by its very nature, must be sacrificial, offered up in service of something greater than itself,—failing which it must inevitably disintegrate. His testimony here is the more noteworthy in that we can seldom share his point of view, but indeed no testimony is needed to a truth we see exemplified on every side.

The value of the bodily organism is its ability to subordinate its own impulses to the dictates of the will; and this same principle runs through all the personality, which, as *Light on the Path* says, each of us has "with pain created for his own use". Its value is never in itself, but only in its union with what is above it,—a union that is realized through the utter self-giving which is love's deepest desire, but which, without love, can be seen only as self-sacrifice. The worth of the Spirit is in the Spirit, realized, actual and active. But the worth of our personal life is in its potentiality,—in our ability to respond and to give ourselves to the light and truth of the Spirit so as to become its vehicle. If this potentiality cease, if the response be finally refused, nothing of value remains, and the useless organism is swept away. Therefore in its deepest sense, the question which we face to-day is quite literally one of life and death, for our Society and for ourselves.

It is, I think, the form in which we face the supreme question that Being itself poses to all creation. Scientists talk of entropy and the Second Law of Thermodynamics, in which they have postulated that what we can all observe in the flow of energy around us, is the manifestation of a universal law. As water flows down hill, as heat spends itself in radiation, so the natural flow of energy is from higher to lower potential, from above down. For a generation past, physicists have spoken of this law as the death sentence of the universe; for to such a ceaseless giving from what has to what has not, the only end must be a dead level of neutrality, where all heat has cooled, all power been lost, all difference obliterated, and all life become impossible.

No student of Theosophy can accept this doctrine of the physicists as more than a half truth; but we cannot deny that wherever we look we see it illustrated. In our own Society we have seen it through all the years of its existence —the unstinted, unmeasured giving from the Lodge to us and to the world, from the high to the low. Nor can we escape the conviction that this must inevitably spell death, if there be no giving back. In this proviso, all Being faces the question that we face, and in it is involved the mystery of the life of the soul.

That which proceeds from the Spirit must return to the Spirit. As there has been descent, so must there be ascent; and it is with this ascent, the return movement of love and self-giving from what is below to what is above, that true religion and true occultism are alike concerned. To the soul, the Master that hath, must be given; from the personality, the self, that hath not, must be taken

away even that which it hath; and he who surrenders his life shall find it. By such laws as these, are the laws of physics counter-balanced, and the sentence of death transmuted into the eternal, majestic procession of the cycles.

It is against this background, and into this frame, that we may place the superb words that have been quoted: "Roll on, my Lord the Wheel,—go forth and overcome." May that be our prayer, and be answered in our response.

We have long since had to realize that it is very far from safe to adduce the newspaper science of the day in support of any philosophical conclusion, for to-morrow the scientific fashions will probably have changed. Yet in the *New York Times* of three days ago there was a despatch from Washington, reporting a paper read before the National Academy of Sciences, which is both pertinent and suggestive. Doctors Osterhout and Murray, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, described "a chemical model which imitates in many important respects the behaviour of the mysterious, invisible fluid wall surrounding all living cells, and gives the appearance of 'perpetual motion' that can go on for months". It was added that "strange phenomena, observed in the apparatus, indicate that life itself defies, to a certain extent, the second law of thermodynamics", as the flow, instead of being from high potential to low, was reversed and moved from lower to higher activity. It was inferred that only within such sacrificial walls, where the lower responds to the higher by rising to it, could the cell continue to live.

I shall not need to point out the bearing this has upon our question. We remember *The Voice of the Silence*, and the Guardian Wall, formed by the Masters, by whose protection we, and the Society, and all mankind, have been preserved. Can we so guard the life that has been entrusted to us? Can we become, by our response to the Truth which we have seen, the Guardian Wall that will enable that Truth to live?

The Chairman, having been duly authorized, appointed the following three standing committees:

Committee on Resolutions: Mr. Hargrove; Dr. Torrey; Dr. Hohnstedt.
Committee on Letters of Greeting: Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell; Dr. Clark; Mrs. Regan.
Committee on Nominations: Mr. Miller; Mr. LaDow; Mr. Mullinax.

The Report of the Executive Committee having been accepted with thanks, the Report of the Secretary was next called for.

Report of the Secretary T. S.

Miss Perkins: I have the honour to submit the following Report:

Branch Activities

The Branches report excellent meetings in which their younger members have manifested a new sense of responsibility. They also record increased unity, and better understanding of the mission of the Society at this critical stage in world affairs. Believing that only the cure supplied by Theosophy can bring order out of chaos, they have undertaken to infiltrate its principles and standards into the world by devoting themselves to living the "theosophic

life", confident that use can be made of this unseen effort. While not intent, therefore, on bringing recruits into the Society, the Branches are delighted to welcome any newcomers who are fired by T. S. ideals and who desire to share in its present endeavour. Since each Branch chooses material for its meetings, there may be significance in the fact that a number have been studying the Christian Bible, and, in the light of Eastern scriptures, discovering deeper meanings and evidence of its harmony with other Lodge teachings. "This serves", one Secretary writes, "to emphasize for our members the identity of the Mystery teaching and of the immemorial Wisdom religion, and reminds them that Theosophy is always Wisdom-in-action." The accomplishments and hopes of each Branch are outlined in the reports, but instead of attempting any summary of my own, I would refer you to the account of their stewardship given in the "Letters of Greeting", which are always a moving and inspiring feature of our Conventions.

In Europe, the Branches have again contributed to some Allied Relief Fund the amount they paid the Society in dues prior to 1929, and it has again received from one of its American members a special donation that more than reimburses the Treasury for the sum thus diverted from it.

The Theosophical Quarterly

Were each member asked to what extent his thought and actions had been influenced by reading the QUARTERLY, we may readily imagine, with our own experience as guide, that there would be numerous tributes to its value,—but how form an impression of what it is doing for readers outside our ranks? There is an increasing number of them in the libraries all over the world. Occasionally they write, telling, perhaps, of having read the magazine for many years until it has become intimately associated with their lives,—and suddenly realizing how much they owe to it; or the writer may give thanks for "conversion" to the religion of his own country and race, through the deeper view of it gained from theosophic interpretation. Thus preparation is being made—possibly for active participation in the next "incarnation" of the Movement.

Contributors to the QUARTERLY, who put us under deep obligation by giving there the results of their study, experiments and experience, frequently respond to our thanks by declaring that in this giving their own rewards are great,—one being the editorial assistance received: comment on some unconsidered aspect of their subject which enables them to round out the treatment of it; or the editorial pencil may insert, for their consideration, sentences that clear up some obscure point and disclose its intimate connection with another fact not before recognized as the key-stone of that particular arch. This is a side-light on the inestimable service done the Movement by those older members who both edit the magazine and contribute generously to every issue.

Book Department

Since the "Standard Books" on Theosophy listed in each QUARTERLY provide an excellent student's library, the publication of additional titles has not yet been thought desirable. Mastery of those listed would throw much light on articles in our magazine, particularly those bearing on the devotional side of

Theosophy which is so little understood. Our books by Charles Johnston and by "Cavé" are noteworthy in their exemplification of Theosophy as related to Mysticism and the religious life; new editions of several of these have been printed during the past year.

Secretary's Office

The Society necessarily has rooms equipped with facilities for filling book orders, supplying the magazine, etc., but there are no longer, as in early days, centralized quarters where officers carry on their work and local members attend to such details as may be assigned to them. Consultation and co-ordination are never overlooked, but at present each individual does his portion of the work in his own home or office,—a method that is time-saving, and also one that gives training of a highly desirable kind. At their request, I have ceased to mention the names of those who assist in the activities here, but it is a pleasure to report that the organization of them this year has been improved, and that all who participate do so with the feeling that to serve the Society in any way is the greatest privilege. The two younger members who volunteered their time last year have shown such interest and capacity that the number of their assignments has been steadily increased. Others are "on call" whenever there is pressure of extra work; and the Assistant Secretary T. S., to whom we owe so much for her full report of Convention proceedings, is always helpful. The Society has occasion to thank these various members who give liberally of their time, and to its thanks I should like to add my own.

Notwithstanding the increased labour that has devolved upon the older members with the death of those who once shared the responsibility, and in spite of the unceasing pressure of this tumultuous era, they have exercised even closer oversight of all that concerns the Movement. For example, many a letter that goes out from the Secretary's Office, in response to some appeal for help, is based upon their perception of the querent's real difficulty, and how he can be given a clue that may enable him to discover for himself its cause and cure. Their readiness to give aid is as unfailing as is their adherence to Mr. Judge's principle of action which he stated in the words of the *Gîta*, "The duty of another is full of danger",—"danger" for the one who begs to be told how to handle some problem that has arisen in his personal relations, and also for the one who might venture to give such advice, because both of them would be acting against spiritual law, and in ignorance of the plan of the Lords of Karma. From this, and from many another tangent that might vitiate our efforts, the older members rescue unwary workers, patiently pointing out the error, and the course that should have been taken. Only those who are the fortunate beneficiaries of such supervision can realize how much they and the Society owe to those who thus stand behind the Movement, and, as it was put last year, make us lower links in that great hierarchical chain that stretches upward beyond our boldest imagining.

Respectfully submitted,

I. E. Perkins,

Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

The Chairman, remarking that it is always one of the pleasantest moments of the Convention when we thank our Secretary and her helpers for their unfailing work, invited the Convention to vote the acceptance of the Secretary's Report, which was done unanimously and with sincerest thanks. The Treasurer then submitted his Report, which was accepted with thanks to him and the Assistant Treasurer.

Report of the Committee on Nominations

Mr. Miller, for the Committee, nominated Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell and Mr. Auchincloss to succeed themselves on the Executive Committee; as Secretary and Assistant Secretary, Miss Perkins and Miss Chickering; as Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Mitchell and Mr. Kobbé. The Secretary of the Convention was instructed to cast one ballot for the election of the officers as nominated.

Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell: It will not be possible to read all of the letters received, but I should like to say that members of the Executive Committee have read all of them, with the greatest interest and appreciation. The following are selections.

Letters, messages and telegrams from Branches and from individual members all over the world, were listened to with deep attention and frequent applause. The Chairman then spoke of these Greetings as focussing the aspiration, desire and will of those whose hearts were with us throughout the Convention. The Report of the Committee having been accepted with an expression of appreciative thanks to the writers of the letters, the Convention adjourned until 3 p. m.

Afternoon Session

Report of the Committee on Resolutions

Mr. Hargrove: As the Chairman of this Committee, I ask that Dr. Torrey speak first on our behalf,—and I am going to give away a secret. One of the oldest, if not the oldest member of the Society (not in terms of age but of membership) has more than once said that she can listen to Dr. Torrey with delight. No such remark has ever been made about my speaking, or Professor Mitchell's, or Mr. Miller's speaking! And strange as it may seem, we are not jealous,—for the very simple reason that we agree. Why do I say this in the presence of Dr. Torrey? I have a motive, and the motive is that once in a while, when he is in the mood and tired, he is inclined to say: "What's the use, I can only echo!" In these moods, he forgets that if any one of us *can* echo, we are doing pretty well! I suspect that that is the utmost we can do anyway. Now we shall have the pleasure of listening to him.

Dr. Torrey: There is probably no member of The Theosophical Society who is not watching with keen interest the events of the world drama so rapidly unfolding before us, and trying, at the same time, to understand them in the

light of the great principles which his studies have revealed to him. Therefore any book which can aid him in his comprehension is always welcome. It need not necessarily be a book written by theosophists. We have learned that every man who intends his mind honestly and fearlessly upon a subject, will discover something of value and of truth about it which we can use to complete our own truth, or to link together certain fragments whose connection may have eluded us heretofore.

So it is that this afternoon I would speak of a book which I have recently read with pleasure and profit. It is a volume of Gifford Lectures given at the University of Glasgow in 1935-37 by W. McNeile Dixon, and entitled *The Human Situation*. Already it is in a second edition, a fact which suggests that it is being read.

The conditions of the Foundation under which the lectures are given appear to preclude the appeal to revelation, and the philosophic and scientific material must, so to speak, stand on its own human feet.

Before we have read very far we become aware that the author is dealing with the present and most perplexing situation in which the human race finds itself as regards its philosophical and religious beliefs.

Now I must confess that my first reaction, after a rather hasty reading, was one of some surprise. I asked myself: Is this man living in the nineteenth century or in the twentieth? For there, buttressed by space-time, quantum mechanics, genes, hormones and fruit flies, is set forth the old, stark agnosticism of the last century with its accompaniment of darkness and despair for the sensitive soul—and all represented as the preponderant testimony of science.

Dixon writes:

> The worst is that the world, life, all things, should be wholly senseless, without meaning, and the worst has happened. For if you ask what is this power everywhere throughout the universe doing? the answer is, "It is doing nothing: it is a lunatic energy making and breaking, building up and knocking down endlessly and aimlessly".

To be sure, Professor Dixon quotes this cheerful scientific sentiment (and the book bristles with parallel passages) only to combat it, but it appears to me that his defence is none too strong or convincing. In fact the cumulative power of the arguments drawn from the physical and biological sciences constitutes a formidable indictment of the world and of life. He is hampered in his defence by his own temperament. He is all for Elizabethan gusto and adventurous living. The heaven of his choice, he tells us, "would contain but few saints or examples of moral perfection".

> Indeed I am not sure that it would contain any. It would be mainly peopled by agreeable sinners, not too unlike myself for companionship. How sad are the virtuous, and how cheerful and light-hearted so often the profane. . . . Holiness is a strong perfume and a little of it goes a long way in the world. I have never been very clear whether it was compatible with laughter. . . .

After this revealing self-portrait we can understand how the Eastern faiths, Christianity included, are to him only "escape mechanisms" and anæmic asceticisms. He finds Christianity singularly useless in the present world because it

has nothing definite to say about financial and labour troubles, social and political problems, education, criminology and the thousand and one other matters that agitate us. He admits that Christianity was an other-worldly religion, anyhow, and was never intended to deal with Cæsar's realm; that it conquered the West only by making concessions, and now, when the folly of the *mésalliance* has been exposed, we may not justly blame Christianity. All of which is a mixture of irritating half-truths, though it probably represents the prevalent academic view of the matter. But with blind spots like that, can we wonder that Mr. Dixon is considerably tasked to prove a universe of spiritual values? His Tennysonian faith that "good shall be the final goal of ill", and that a spiritual monadology of the Leibnizian pattern fits the facts of the world as we know them, better than the alternative theory of materialism propounded by science, is all to the good, though without the twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation we ourselves should be hard put "to justify the ways of God to man".

I have said that science seems to have made small progress in its philosophy of the world in the last century. Let us glance back to the year 1881 when there appeared in the November *Nineteenth Century* a poem by Tennyson entitled "Despair", with a caption which tells us that a man and wife, beaten down by suffering and full of the current agnosticism of the time, had resolved to drown themselves. The wife dies but the man is rescued. He tells of his thoughts as they faced the waves. A single stanza suffices:

> And the suns of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone in the sky,
> Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light was a lie—
> Bright as with deathless hope—but, however they sparkled and shone,
> The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our own—
> No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below,
> A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe.

That was written nearly sixty years ago, yet it appears to be in complete accord with the generally accepted doctrine of the day. Strange, is it not, that after sixty years of the most intense and laborious physical research which the world has ever known, the agnostic doctrine is more firmly fixed in the saddle than ever before? Surely in sixty years, if a theory had proved untenable, if it had failed to accord with the later findings of science, it would have been quietly discarded to take its place with the wrecks of other abandoned hypotheses. Can it be possible that science has really discovered the final truth? Is the world, indeed, a meaningless mechanism? Lord [Bertrand] Russell writes: "Man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving: his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms."

To which our irrepressible Mr. Dixon replies: "Wherever he got his information, he seems to know more about it than I do, or than any other man has ever known."

Similar dogmatic affirmations were in circulation in Tennyson's day, but they were used by college boys to shock the deacons of the church. To-day

they carry a more sinister ring. This is no callow, bad-boy philosophy; it is a matured, reasoned doctrine of nihilism, because to-day the problem is more subtly apprehended than it was in Tennyson's time. Scientists have been forced to become metaphysicians, and, in my opinion, granting their premises, their position would appear to be impregnable.

The man of Tennyson's "Despair" was a sensitive soul brought up in the conventional religion of the period which, for generations, had provided him and his ancestors with convenient lighthouses to guard their barks from shipwreck on hidden reefs. The great wave which rose at the Renaissance had swept away the lighthouses, and man was left unguided and crying in the night. God, the heaven just above the clouds, with its streets of gold and its gates of pearl, were gone, and science had set in their place its miles and miles of empty space sown thinly with stars. Instead of a living soul, precious in the sight of God, man saw himself as only a brute beast endowed by evolution with a swifter intelligence and a greater capacity for suffering than his brothers the anthropoids.

It was at this critical period, when the choice seemed forced between the extremes of irrational superstition and rational agnosticism, that, in the opinion of many of us, the White Lodge took a hand in the matter.

We who are gathered here to-day are living witnesses to the fact that the universe revealed by expanding science might have been and should have been greeted with enthusiasm and joy—not as destructive of faith and optimism, but as revealing and confirming and fulfilling the deepest aspirations of the human soul. But the learned world in its haughty self-sufficiency thought differently; it rejected the Masters, preferring to walk its own various ways to confusion. Left to itself, science became snared in the fatal and false natural-supernatural antithesis from which it might have been saved by the ancient teaching that the Natural is the all-inclusive, though the natural to which the senses have access is only the outermost shell of the All.

Even as late as the first decade of the twentieth century the issue between the forces of good and evil still hung in the balance. The work of the Masters through Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge had told, and the beam was slowly swinging toward the positive side. One who will re-read the earlier volumes of the QUARTERLY cannot fail to catch the sense of expectancy and of happy anticipation with which the editor and the contributors sift the world's movements and winnow the good grain from the chaff. A New Theology had appeared and, likewise, a New Science was coming to birth. But the shadow which follows all innovations lurked in the background. Already in 1907 an article entitled "Lights and Shadows of the New Theology" is given prominence. A Summer School of the movement had just been concluded in Wales. After indicating the various "Lights", such as a growing realization of the immanence of God, a tendency to identify the self of man with the Self of the universe, the teaching of emanation, a deepening understanding of the nature and meaning of inspiration, the writer goes on to say:

There is another side of this movement, or we had rather say, an overgrowth of the

movement, of which we must now say something. We find one of the speakers, whom we have already quoted with high admiration, expressing himself thus: "The land of the earth was given by the Father for the use and delight of all men—not for the few, who, by any means, legal or illegal, may secure private possession thereof for their private profit. The Divine Presence did not store the cellars of the earth full of coal and oil and iron in order that when opened in the twentieth century, coal barons and steel magnates and oil billionaires should control these treasure-vaults of the earth, enslaving the children of men in the mines, and then bleeding the nations by monopoly sale of these gifts of God in nature."

One speaker uses the phrase, "political economy of the Sermon on the Mount", and the writer comments sharply: "The Sermon on the Mount has no more to do with economics than with astronomy",—not at this stage of evolution, in any case.

Thus we can see that a promising religious movement was already being undermined by sentimentalists, and as the years passed it ran off into the present Protestant confusion. The writer of the QUARTERLY article points out very simply and clearly to these muddled theologians the issues which make either for life or death:

To those who would promote spiritual life by social revolution, it may be said: Do you think the Father rules his kingdom so ill, that all these his children sin in vain or suffer in vain? Are you not unconscious followers of those who held that, in wide realms of life, the Devil veritably ruled? Think you there is any corner or crevice where the Father's will is not instantly done? Increase your faith. Make your victory over Mammon a victory of the heart and not of the tongue. Lose your life, that you may keep it to life eternal. Then will you see these things in a new and clearer daylight. Then will you seek to increase love and aspiration and sacrifice. Then will you seek to minister to the well-being of souls, to the new birth from above, knowing certainly that these earthly conditions are but shadows of the things that truly are; and no more seeking to deprive the "rich" of his wreath of mist than to give the "poor" a heritage of moonbeams. Cease to deal with shadows. Awake, arise, and deal with real life!

Turning to the New Science we quickly discover that, in contrast with the New Theology, its sins were of the intellect rather than of the emotions. Thin, cold, hard intellectualism has banished genius and enthusiasm, and substituted a barren regimen of extreme analysis. In choosing the sensuous world of natural phenomena for its portion, science, at the very outset, had cast in its lot with the intellect. Science was to be "organized common-sense". Now, just in so far as any matter is confined to the province of the intellect, any organization so effected must of necessity be an artificial one. For the intellect cannot formulate or understand a true unity. If it is to work at all it can only disintegrate. It can shatter; it can violently break a natural whole into fragments, resolving unity into an artificial multiplicity, the better to deal with it. This is the well-known separatist tendency of the mind. "The mind is the slayer of the real."

Aware that it has reduced a complex system to more easily comprehended units, the mind is willing, at a later stage, to re-effect a synthesis if it is permitted to do so upon its own terms. Thereupon it proceeds to palm off its own spurious creation upon us as just as good as the original unity. In fact it even

deceives itself, and will fiercely repel the insinuation that an apprehension of true unities lies quite outside its province. If we need evidence of this basic flaw in mental activities, we may find it in the reception which the scientific camp accords to Bergsonism.

Science, then, intellect *in excelsis*, cannot deal with life, and its reconstruction of the organism, or of any other living whole, accords with the pattern of mechanism. It is obsessed with the analytical tendency, and, in the words of Jacques Loeb, science can never reach its goal till it has resolved the world into a series of points under mathematical relations to one another—which is merely another way of saying that science turns the world into a series of pointer readings.

Many of us will recall the masterly way in which Mr. Johnston dealt with this matter, and showed us that the practical outcome of the philosophy of dematerialized science is sheer sensualism. Rank hedonism is, therefore, the outcome of the philosophy of science. It is the kind of life that is lived to-day by the great majority of educated men; it is the kind of philosophy that is tacitly and unquestioningly accepted as true in our universities, preached in thinly disguised form in our churches, and fostered by our governments.

But the wind begins to blow from another quarter. There are plenty of minor scientists who still see in dead matter the source of life and consciousness—a doctrine which Schopenhauer once said is "well suited to barbers and apothecaries' apprentices". But in turning metaphysician the subtiler brethren have been forced to recognize the axiomatic truth that the world of each one of us is indubitably subjective and psychological. Now if there be no objective ground of truth, no outer, unchanging, independent standard to which experience can be referred, no common denominator which factors both your truth and mine, and if the very nature of science forbids the appeal to a transcendental Unity which, failing an objective groundwork of truth, might play the same part of independent witness (but which the intellect could not admit or understand anyhow, since a true unity is outside its comprehension), then we are left in the charming situation of having to admit that experience is entirely relative to the experiencer and is valid to him alone. There is no independent standard of truth at all to validate our separate truths.

This sort of debased relativity is running loose in the world and is particularly popular among those who love to call themselves the "intelligentsia". Codes of morals and ethics? Dear me, how very mediæval! Standards in art? If I splash red paint on a piece of canvas and then cover it with yellow spots, the thing is "art". It may, for all you can tell, express a deep, esoteric significance to me. It is my truth and, in consequence, it must be accepted as a revelation of a unique genius. Here we have the last wretched perversion of the principle which Mr. Johnston sets forth in *The Song of Life*. The work of the true Genius is, indeed, unique—"no more to be imitated than the fire in the ruby's heart or the different glory of the stars". True Genius is a facet of the central Jewel of Truth, and finds its completion and its other selves in the Unity of the Whole. That the personality should finally lay claim to genius,

basing its rubbishy argument on the metaphysics of the many in opposition to the metaphysics of the One, is in character with its whole lying nature. Whereas, so far as I can see, if, in very truth, the One did not support and underlie the many, it would be impossible for two men to converse intelligibly with one another (which, by the way, is the complete *reductio ad absurdum* which logic forces these pseudo-philosophers to take). It is the One alone which validates the separate truths we utter.

This, then, has come to pass. In the nineteenth century science rejected the Way, the Truth and the Life, and chose Satan, or multiplicity, or *Maya*, or the shadow world, for its portion. Metaphysically all these terms amount pretty much to the same thing. Science in our day has found the truth it set out to find, and that truth—the inescapable, final, unpalatable logic of its position—is philosophical Nihilism: the doctrine that denies the existence of any ground for truth at all, and leaves the *psyche* an independent stream of consciousness in a vast nothingness.

If we have understood these things, if our feelings have been moved by what we have heard to-day, it is fitting that, as a member of the Committee on Resolutions, I should try to add a third link so that the Trinity of Mind, Feeling and Will may be complete. What are we going to do about it? The Theosophical Society appears to represent about the last stand of sanity in a world fast going crazy. The least we can do, therefore, is to stand to our guns, keeping the banner of the White Lodge flying and making no concession to the world's miserable ideals.

[As I review these notes several days after Convention and in its Light, it becomes so clear that in the power of the transcendent Will alone can we conquer. It is a power which the world cannot give; it cannot be found in scientific machinery, in hatreds and compulsions, in much shouting and gesticulating, in planned economies and social rehabilitations. These pitiful things dissipate power endlessly and fruitlessly. But who can measure or set limits to the power of wills united in terms of a mighty resolution? Then is born an Organism far greater than the sum of its parts—a mighty Genius through whose body Power, Wisdom and Joy may flow in undiminishing splendour till each smallest cell, ever perfecting itself in service and sacrifice, may in time come to know that it "is an inlet to the same and to all of the same". To that we have been called with no uncertain voice.—R. E. T.]

Mr. Hargrove: I cannot imagine a better introduction to what I shall try to say than Professor Torrey's address, because he has made it so clear that if ever, at any time, The Theosophical Society had a mission, it has one to-day; that in view of the trend of science and of so-called scientists, The Theosophical Society has a message which it is our paramount duty to keep alive in the world and to carry forward into the next century.

Frankly, I am not sure where to begin; therefore, I shall begin with a text,—which is always helpful to the speaker. My text is an old Sanskrit Proverb: "You cannot take one part of a fowl for cooking, and leave the other part to

lay eggs." The immediate application of it, is our half-heartedness. We may not believe it, but the large majority of us expect to be able to do that which the Sanskrit Proverb says is impossible. In terms of our mental, emotional and will-energy, we expect to be able to give, let us say, half of it to the Cause of the Masters and the other half to our personal interests in the world. We make the fatal mistake of imagining that of necessity there is some conflict between the two. In spite of everything that has been said for many years, explaining over and over again that the duties of life are means to a spiritual end, people are still inclined to say: "Well, look at my duties—I have no time". But what are their duties there for, I should like to know!

This morning, Professor Mitchell used the very illuminating analogy (speaking of The Theosophical Society and of the Movement) of the crank shaft and its dead centre. I should like to call your attention to the fact that when the crank shaft is near the dead centre, a thousandth of an inch makes all the difference. We see from this that in the life of the Society and in our own lives, there has come a time when we must call on our reserves of capacity and momentum if we would keep the wheel moving,—as it will move if we supply the necessary thousandth of an inch of greater effort and of drive. You will have understood already that it is really about chêlaship that I want to speak. I am not suggesting that everyone in this room (far from it) can become a chêla. The real question is, whether the Movement is going to produce chêlas, and this will depend to a very large extent upon the real desire and effort of the membership as a whole. Buddha attained Nirvana on the shoulders of a million men. No one ever got into heaven alone, through his own unaided efforts.

What are the obstacles? I want to consider these obstacles under two main heads. First, there are certain intellectual misunderstandings. I am not referring to the class of individuals about whom Professor Torrey was telling us; I am speaking of the membership of The Theosophical Society. There are, even now, certain intellectual misunderstandings, some of them derived, I think, from that early, orthodox Christian training which most of us received. This does not imply criticism of orthodox Christianity. The time for that has long since passed. We have learned that almost any form of religious faith is better than none. Further, as many others have remarked, true Christianity has never been tried, and therefore cannot be criticized. When, however, it comes to its orthodox interpretation, it would be well for us to recognize these facts:

The Master Christ gave out the Truth, stark and unadulterated, even when speaking in Parables; but he knew that his immediate followers would dilute it, and he accepted that as necessary. He was using the human nature and the human weaknesses of his followers for the benefit of the world. Take, for instance, the Master's teaching, "Take up thy cross daily and follow me", and compare that with St. James's dictum that pure religion and undefiled is to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world. Christ demanded everything (St. Paul too, in my

opinion); St. James, on the other hand, appears to have said to himself (in the light of disillusioning experience): "If I can keep these people from deadly, carnal sin, it is about all that can be hoped for". So instead of "Take up thy cross", his hope was reduced to keeping his followers out of mischief by means of "good works".

Do not complain because Christianity has been materialized. If it had not been materialized, there would not be any of it left; at best, it would be the secret study of a few score of mystics. You have to talk to people according to their condition, and the Lodge has seen to it that the needs of all kinds of people are met. Consider the crudest kind of Catholicism, and ask yourself: Does it do more harm than good? The answer will be that it does far more good than harm. Take the religion of the uncivilized among the inhabitants of South America and Mexico—extremely crude in many ways, with aboriginal gods all mixed up with the Virgin Mary, and so forth. But that is all those people are capable of, and to deprive them of it is a sin. The alternative is anarchy.

As students of Theosophy, we must shake ourselves free from the materialistic coverings of that which the Christian Master revealed. One of the ways in which the ancient Wisdom Religion, as that Master taught it, has been perverted, is where he himself is concerned. We need to remember that Christianity was not given out to empty minds, was not written (as it were) on blank paper. It was taught to Jews and to Gentiles, and among those Gentiles were people who had been brought up on echoes of the Mysteries, or in the atmosphere of Nordic mythology or Druidism. Their minds were already occupied by certain mental pictures of God and the ways of God, the result being that the *popular* conception of God soon became a strange blend of "the Father", as revealed by Jesus, and of Jehovah, Zeus, Mithras, Wotan, and others; while Christ, whom St. Paul had described as "the first born among many brethren", was relegated to a sort of heavenly Olympus, sitting at the right hand of this composite God, and interceding with Him for sinful men. It was crude, but it was simple and graphic, and served to introduce to a savage world the idea of compassion as a divine attribute,—an idea which did finally take root here and there among peoples not too completely given to the worship of themselves,—and of Wotan. In spite of this gain, however, the general result was, as has so often been stated here, an increasing tendency throughout the centuries to exile Christ from the world in which we live; and some of us, in spite of our Theosophy, may still be labouring under misapprehensions derived from that source. We need to realize that Masters, though perfect, are human, and that Masters are in our midst. The immediate importance of this, lies in its bearing upon chêlaship, especially when the aspirant strives to reach and serve the Master Christ, because, if that Master be thought of as far off, and if his human nature be regarded as of the past only, during the incarnation in Palestine,—a barrier is created which makes intimate, inner intercourse almost impossible, not to speak of outer intercourse.

It is true that many Roman Catholic saints have recorded their experience

with and of that Master,—and, incidentally, I doubt if students of Theosophy appreciate sufficiently the record of such experience, the trouble being that it is so often plastered over with psychic images, psychic "trimmings", for which allowance needs to be made with the understanding that the Christian Master never attempts to break the moulds of minds, directly. For instance, if he is speaking to a Roman Catholic saint, he does not tell that saint that his or her interpretation of the Eucharist has turned the truth upside down: he will not do violence to that soul. Instead, he takes things as they are, takes us as he finds us,—for what applies to the saint, applies equally to us. He takes our mental content—our preconceptions and so forth—and meets our condition. That ceases to be true only when he is dealing with a pledged chêla, because the pledged chêla has asked him, unconditionally, for light and guidance. The truth is, we are greatly indebted to the Roman Catholic Church in many ways. For one thing it clings to the old and better moral code, and then, like Masonry, it has preserved at least the form of certain occult truths (as in the Eucharist), and also definite evidence of contact with the Master, speech with the Master, as being possible. So many of the Protestant sects, alas, have thrown that belief overboard. They really have exiled him; they regard him as remote from human affairs. The proof of it, as Dr. Torrey has said, is that so-called Christians, many who believe they are religious, would never dream of going to Christ for light on economic or scientific or similar questions: he is supposed to be concerned solely with dangers threatening the individual, and with the ultimate fate of the soul.

There are exceptions, of course. Among them is the experience of a woman which she recorded in a book entitled *The Great Conjecture: Who Is This Jesus?*—a book which ought to be helpful to students of Theosophy, because she set out, with an open mind, to determine by experiment whether Christ was a reality or not, and she proceeded on the theory that he was, though treating this solely as a working hypothesis. To her amazement she found that her efforts met with a response which became clearer and clearer, more and more vivid, until she would claim to-day to be in conscious hourly contact with him. She has, however, preconceptions and mental moulds as hard-set as those, for instance, of St. Gertrude, who, in her visions, saw St. John, St. Peter and others in heaven, celebrating Holy Communion, and who describes their gorgeous vestments and jewelled array. Like St. Gertrude, the modern Protestant writer colours essential verities, but in modern fashion; instead of gorgeous raiment and priestly celebrations, she sees Jesus as a young Jewish carpenter, a good democrat and ardent pacifist, who, like herself, regards war as the greatest of evils. In her case also, it would seem that the Master, instead of forcing the truth upon her, leaves her to outgrow such illusions, which, after all, do not affect the fundamental value of her contribution to religious experience, or the fact that she has done what too few members of the Society have done, that is, made it their chief purpose in life to gain first-hand knowledge of their own Master, and to pursue that purpose with inflexible determination. Let us, as students of Theosophy, at least rid ourselves, once for all, of inherited mis-

understandings as to the nature of Masters and the immediate possibility of chêlaship, and set ourselves free to that extent to serve the Lodge without needless hindrance.

So we draw closer to the real question by asking ourselves: Do we really believe? Are we really convinced, not only of the existence of Masters in a general way, but do we believe in their interest—their interest in this Convention—in your individual reactions to what is being said? Do you believe that they watch with the greatest concern how each one present responds?—watching intently, not the speaker, but you,—watching with burning hope that the efforts and sacrifices of all these years will not be thrown away—will at last be crowned with success.

What are the barriers? Self! There is no other. Self, in its myriad forms: self-concern, self-love, self-hatred, self-excuse: self the centre, if not the circumference, of all our thinking. Here are the Masters pouring out upon us their love, and their blessing, and their power; and what do we do with their gift? We take it and we turn it toward self. Someone may say, "Well, at least I do not love myself". Yes, but do you hate yourself? And what is the difference? The point is that self is the centre. The man or woman who takes it all in terms of self-love is in a bad way; but, on the other hand, those who take that divine gift, and go through life revolving around their sins and weaknesses, are just as bad, for they are stealing and perverting the energy thus consumed. The feeling that goes into it, the emotions that go into it—all are perverted from the use which that man's Master intends. Our obstacles are of our own making; there are no others. All we have to do is to sweep them aside. Stop calculating, too. What of it that, in the past, there may have been failure, or that you lack one or all of the qualifications. No one is suggesting that any one of you should say, "I will be a chêla". Leave that to your Master. All you have to do is to learn to love him. If you do that, the rest will take care of itself.

In view of all that has been said this morning, and again this afternoon, of the desperate need if this work of Masters is to continue in the world, imagine that you were to see someone whom you love, drowning, and were to stand there and say, "This is terrible! I am a bad swimmer and therefore can do nothing!" If you see someone you love drowning, there is at least one thing you can do—jump in and *drown with them;* do not stand on the shore in safety and watch them drown. Is it not clear that in the last analysis this is a question of manhood and not of piety or anything else? Not, heaven knows, that a man can drag his sins along with him; if he is doing that, he is discarded; nobody turns him out, but he goes,—as a light weight is thrown off a rapidly revolving table.

What I am speaking of is the need to get away from self, to forget self. Forget your miserable virtues and idiotic faults, and forge ahead. That does not mean that if you are shooting at a target, you just shoot,—because if a man shoots at a target he takes into account the velocity of the wind, the character of his rifle, its trajectory, and so forth,—he uses all his intelligence, all the

information he can get, in order to hit the mark. It is not reckless, blind jumping that is needed. But do not waste the rest of your life in preparation! Let the practice, the *being*, serve as preparation.

I am going to tell you, because personal things sometimes help, that when word came that we must once more appeal for chêlas, my first reaction was: Oh! *Again!* In justice I must say that that lasted only for a moment. Yet at every age, there are temptations peculiar to that age. Youth has its temptations; age has its temptations. And one of the temptations of age is the outcome of disillusionment, namely, the grave danger that it results in waning enthusiasm, waning zeal, which must be recognized at once as springing solely from lower nature; and lower nature must be treated as of no account whatever. It is the man who takes his lower nature seriously, who never gets anywhere. Disillusionment should not have such results, and will not, if love be sufficient. One need only think of Masters. Do you suppose they suffer from illusions? What has been their experience?—in spite of which, because they love, their zeal is inexhaustible. Unlike us, they see not only the faults and limitations, but the divine possibilities, the divine in every one of us, and, fixing their vision and their faith on that, they work for ever and ceaselessly with a zeal and a devotion and energy of which we are utterly incapable, even of imagining.

Let us consider a typical illustration of their experience, which would be heart-breaking if they were not Masters. A few of you will remember that some twenty-five years ago, a young man, an American, who had spent some years in India as a missionary, visited us on his way through New York. He had had a magnificent idea, a genuine inspiration, which already, to some extent, he had put into effect. The idea was that the only way to reach the Hindu religiously (and many of them need reaching, in that sense, at least as badly as any people of the west), is to do, in the name of Christ, as their own holy men do,—to live a life of absolute poverty and humility; to live among them without possessions of any sort; to live, in short, as a Sannyasi lives. He was a High Church Protestant. With the consent of his Bishop in India, he had founded a religious Order, with a Rule similar in spirit to that of the Franciscans. He, with two or three associates, had taken the three vows, including the vow of celibacy, and had set to work, meeting with considerable success. When he visited New York he was looking for recruits, and we, though our vocation was very different, fully recognized his "call" as genuine, and wished him well. The Christian Master had met him more than half way: that was evident. On one occasion, when this young man had been tramping the roads of northern India, almost exhausted and greatly discouraged, his Master appeared to him. Quoting the words of a well-known English clergyman who was Warden of one of the Colleges at Cambridge, and who wrote an Introduction to a small volume of poems by the young man of whom I speak:

> The author of this little volume is by birth an American, aged twenty-six, who, having seen—whether in the body or out of the body God knows, but in any case with convincing clearness—a vision of the Lord Jesus, toilworn and travel-stained, trudging on foot along an Indian high road, has found in that vision a call to give his life, from love

of his Master, to the service of his Indian brothers, in literal imitation of the poverty, humility, and self-sacrificing devotion of the earthly life of Jesus.

In one of his poems, the author attempts to describe his experience. Many of you are familiar with it. I will not weary you with a long quotation.

> From out the dark a voice came clear and calm,
> Quite low, and yet so full of melody,
> So full of pathos, ringing so with love,
> That my poor soul, all thrilled and dazed with joy,
> Could scarce make out the meaning of the words.
> "O little lamb, I came to seek thee here.
> "Thou askest who I am and where I dwell.
> "I am thy Shepherd; though thou knewest not,
> "I have been seeking thee the whole world o'er,
> "Aye, calling, but thou would'st not answer me. . . .
> "Thou soughtest peace below, but thou hast found
> "It is not there, so I have come to help,
> "And give thee what thou long hast sought in vain."

The Master had sought him out,—and no Master can do that without paying for it. What was the result? (I wonder whether our response differs so greatly from that young man's.) In some three or four years, the recipient of so wonderful a blessing, turned from his vocation, forgot his vows, and married a hill-woman, to become the father of half-caste children. The Order he had founded, which seemed so full of promise, and which might and should have accomplished great things for India, was wiped out of existence.

Such is the response the Masters meet with, time after time, as self-pity or some other form of self-indulgence destroys the seed which they have sown. "Lord, I will lay down my life for Thy sake", is more easily said than made an hour by hour practice. Yet they never lose hope, nor faith, nor charity. They see the weakness, but never cease to cling to the divine possibility. Must not we profit, so far as we are able, by their example? Can we hesitate to voice their appeal again? More than that, can we forget what they have said from the very beginning of the Society,—that the neophyte must develop through his contact with the world, in business, and through the performance of all his duties, "the indomitable resolution to succeed",—as a Master, then known as "Serapis", wrote in 1874, and as *Light on the Path* repeats with added emphasis: "Only he who is untamable, who cannot be dominated, who knows he has to play the Lord over men, over facts, over all things save his own divinity", is fit to tread the path of chêlaship.

Therefore, in so far as, even remotely, we are able to speak for those great ones, it is our duty to persist until we die, that this Society shall produce chêlas, *must* produce chêlas. Everything is at stake. There can be no question of telling this, that or the other person that *he* should become a chêla. That is not the way things are done; it would be worse than folly. What we need is union of determination, so that, from within our ranks (no matter in whom), there shall arise this flower of chêlaship for the Lodge. What appeal can be made, in the name of heaven, if not the appeal of Masters! They are not going

to talk about their need. *We* can talk about their need, *and we shall!* That everyone here present shall leave this place determined to do all that he can—to make some small sacrifice that he has not made in the past; to give some time to spiritual reading, to think, and pray—that chêlaship shall develop that somebody—or more than one—shall prove acceptable as victim: for Masters have never promised rewards; always they have sought out those who will be victims gladly; who are capable of the deepest joy if they can suffer for love's sake.

Thinking this over, two days ago, it seemed that it might be possible to word a Resolution that could be passed—not by the Society but by individual members—covering the prayer of this Convention, the hope of Masters for this Convention. I am going to read it to you, and if you do not like it, please say so. Anybody can be and remain a member in good standing, and can rightly, properly, if he choose, declare that this Resolution is not for him.

Whereas, We, members of The Theosophical Society, founded by Masters, realize to some extent the dire need of the world for help and guidance which Masters of the Great Lodge alone can give; and

Whereas, We realize also the imperative need of the Society to produce chêlas from within its ranks if our link with the Lodge is to be kept unbroken, and if the Society is to continue to serve as a bridge between the Lodge and the world; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, members present at this Convention [not necessarily *all* the members], humbly but unreservedly offer ourselves, individually and collectively, for service, promising to do our utmost to dedicate our lives, and to give our hearts and minds, to the purposes of the Lodge, while always praying that some among us, by the completeness of their self-giving, may make themselves acceptable as chêlas, and may thus become able to complete the Work begun by H.P.B. and Judge.

It was only possible, before this meeting, to confer briefly with the other members of the Committee on Resolutions, but both Dr. Torrey and Dr. Hohnstedt favoured it, naturally on the condition that it be explained that it does not commit the Society. One of our By-Laws, as you may remember, reads as follows:

> A copy of all resolutions affecting the policy, principles, or platform of The Theosophical Society, which are to be voted upon at the Annual Convention, shall be sent to the Executive Committee three months before said Convention, whereupon due notification of the proposed resolutions shall be given to all Branches by the Executive Committee.

I have read that By-Law to you because I do not want anyone to say or to think that we have forgotten it. We have not forgotten it. Further, I repeat that no one, on the basis of his T.S. membership, is under any obligation to approve of that Resolution. But there is a thousand times more power and more appeal in the united resolution of a group than in the separate resolutions

of individuals. Speaking for myself, and for myself only, I am convinced that if a resolution of that kind is, as it were, offered up, it will at least be some comfort to those who, as I said this morning, have given everything and forgiven everything throughout all these years, and who never lose hope of us, even when we lose hope of ourselves (and to lose hope of ourselves is one of the worst of sins). Once more, treat self and its defects as of no account. Forget it! Then it will cease to trouble you; will cease to get in your way. Up and onward for evermore—doing what you can—doing your utmost—finding your goal in each moment, leaving the future to divine compassion.

Mr. Chairman, I think that enough has been said for the time being, and perhaps other members of the Committee would care to express themselves on this subject. Or may I suggest that it be thrown open to discussion, for and against?

THE CHAIRMAN: You have heard the Report of the Committee on Resolutions. You have heard the Resolution that they suggest might well be adopted by members present here. It should be unnecessary to say that not even the existence of the Masters to whom this Resolution refers, is an official belief of our Society, or that this Resolution cannot in any way commit the Society. It is an opportunity that is offered to the members present, to express themselves individually and collectively, in regard to what they wish to do for The Theosophical Society and the Theosophical Movement. The subject is thrown open for discussion, with the request that it be full and frank and free.

The Resolution was then read a second time.

MRS. BELL: Mr. Chairman, is there anything more to be said, any argument to be entered into about that Resolution? It does not seem as though anybody here could want to do anything but adopt it.

DR. HOHNSTEDT: Out West, along the highways, you often cross railroad tracks, and as you do so, you will see signs: "Stop—Look—Listen—Danger". It occurred to me, a couple of weeks ago, that it would be a good policy for us to keep that sign in mind, daily. Are we following a dangerous path in our daily conduct, our daily thoughts, and our daily acts? Is our attitude neutral? If so, let us adopt a positive attitude for good. This Resolution provides a special opportunity to do so. The Masters need our help. Will not the force that you throw out as a result of your thought and desire, help to charge the spiritual storage battery from which the Masters can draw to illuminate the world? That is all they ask of us. They ask us to do our part. If we believe in Masters, why not help them? If you believe in Masters and think you can help them, it is for you to vote for that Resolution. It does not bind the Society. It only binds you to try to do the best you can to help the Masters.

DR. TORREY: This is a serious matter. It means a great deal, or else it means nothing. Let no one be rushed off his feet. Some of our younger members might be in danger of this. Be sure! If it only means that we are going to *try*—but I think it means something deeper than that.

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell: I should like to express my appreciation of the marvellous privilege that is offered us to do our utmost to further the purposes of the Lodge for the good of mankind. If giving everything can advance the purpose of the Lodge by a fraction of an inch, surely there is not a person in the room who does not want to do it.

Dr. Clark: With everything in me, I think we should respond to this appeal. We are asked to do something entirely within our power. All obstacles fall before real desire. If a man desires a very fine diamond that is in Australia, though he may not have a dollar in his pocket, if his desire be sufficiently strong and sufficiently lasting, that diamond will ultimately become his.

Mr. LaDow: I have just recalled a story which I had forgotten since schooldays, the story of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. There was a small body of Greeks who had enlisted in a Persian army that met defeat in a civil war. They set forth for home, and their captains led them across mountains in winter, through burning deserts, on and on. One day, they came out upon a mountain top from which they looked down upon the sea. The way home was revealed to them! They fell on their knees, and embraced one another with tears of joy streaming down their faces, crying out: "*Thalassa, Thalassa;* the Sea, the Sea!"

This resolution simply states that we have been led to a mountain top, from which we have a vision of the Great Sea, the Ocean of Theosophy, *the way home*. Can anyone refuse to follow that way?

Mr. Miller: The question was raised this morning as to whether we have the ability, the power, to respond to the call of the Lodge that was made anew to-day. The answer to that depends upon what part of us is to do the deciding. . . . Surely, no member, young or old, if he will apply the test as to which part of his nature is being quickened, will hesitate a moment for his answer to this Resolution.

Mr. Auchincloss: I do not see how we can be grateful enough for this opportunity which has been offered us, and for the call to meet this tremendous need, of which we have had to be reminded. It is a time for us, at whatever points we are still sound asleep, to find out what those points are, and to wake up; at whatever points we are still holding back, to find out what they are, and to go forward; to give ourselves all over again, completely; to put our will into it, and our back into it; to make ourselves able to co-operate as our hearts desire to do.

Mr. Kobbé: Mr. Chairman, I am whole-heartedly in favour of the Resolution, but disappointed that it was not instigated by some of us who are younger as students of Theosophy, so that it could have come from the ranks of the Society, so to speak, instead of being handed to us,—as things have been, year after year, on silver platters, with spoons,—or, now and then, with cups, if we seemed able to quaff larger draughts.

Be that as it may; we now have our individual and collective and *immediate* objective before us in concise form: that new chêlaship must be born within the ranks of the Society, if that body is to continue as a healthy, vigorous entity in the world. If each of us who considers himself a real member does not contribute to this end, I go so far as to say that we shall have failed in the purpose for which we incarnated this time, and shall have betrayed a Lodge trust.

However, there is no need to fail. We are part and parcel of a time-honoured Lodge movement, not some spiritually-orphaned beings who are here for an isolated span of twenty-five or fifty years. What can we do to bring new chêlaship to birth? One simple way is to cease to bury ourselves under our duties, to cease to identify ourselves with them, no longer to be *self*-busy. Our duties are staves in our hands if used aright, the very implements by means of which we can contribute directly towards bringing about this great birth. Let us, then, get from under our duties and into the atmosphere of the Lodge,—or of our own Master, if we know who he is; for, in the final analysis, it is *he* who will bestow this mysterious birth,—and upon the one who makes this choice possible.

Mr. Brush: This Resolution, as I see it, simply objectifies and epitomizes what all of us in our hearts, have been trying to work toward. It is now given to us to proceed from that stage and to objectify it still further. The fact that it is a collective formulation means that each of us will be on his honour to incarnate it, as much as possible, in his personal life.

Mr. Saxe: I, also, find myself with mixed emotions,—joy and gratitude that we should have this wonderful opportunity, but shame and deep regret that such an appeal should again be necessary. Year after year, on many occasions, the older members have made strong appeals to us, and we know that we have not done nearly as well as we could have done in response. Professor Mitchell once pointed out that the essence of the religious life is courageously attempting the impossible, and then achieving the impossible. Have we really tried, each day, to do the impossible?

You will remember that the Master Christ often spoke to his disciples about lack of faith, "a faithless generation". He wanted them to have a far higher ideal of faith, saying that if they had faith as a grain of mustard seed, they could move mountains. And *Light on the Path* says that faith is a great engine, an enormous power. These are lessons for us. I think we flatter ourselves that we have faith merely because we are not unbelievers; we are blind to the fact that we really have hardly any faith at all.

Mr. Carás: Surely we believe in a universe, the essential and ultimate purpose and trend of which is toward the Good. I should think that we must want to believe this, whether it is the Masters who tell us so or not. That being so, it would seem to me that this Resolution offers us an opportunity to do now what we ultimately must; to do now, what we surely will ultimately and essentially want to do.

DR. DEWEY: I feel that the opportunity to join in this Resolution is the greatest privilege offered to us during the few years I have been connected with this Society. Mr. Hargrove took pains to make clear that this is individual action, though it does not show on the face of the Resolution taken by itself. I wonder if the insertion of the word "individual" in two places: "Whereas we individual members", and "Now therefore be it resolved, we individual members", would give a greater sense of individual responsibility to each member who concurred.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Chairman would like to make it wholly clear, in response to that suggestion, that the resolution does not commit the Society as such. He sympathizes with the purpose of the suggestion, but would be sorry to see the wording changed so as to lose the added power which, as Mr. Hargrove pointed out, could be realized through collective action.

MR. POLITELLA: In this Resolution, submitted for our endorsement in heart and mind and will, the Cause of the Masters and the Society which is its embodiment, are placed before us for judgment. By our verdict, by the whole-heartedness of our endorsement, we may make it once more clear that Theosophy is not a mere philosophical doctrine, but a life to be lived in measurable completeness by all of its adherents. And even more,—Theosophy is the Cause of the Masters, for which, when the call comes, all must be sacrificed. By our own verdict, therefore, by the measure of our devotion, Theosophy and what it represents, stands or falls in the heart of each of us.

In this summons, we of the younger generation find once more made tangible the call *to keep the link unbroken*. In this solemn hour, by the force of our united aspirations and the help of those whose life-blood is in the Society, the very gate of Heaven seems to have been forced open. Now we can see the meaning and significance of this, our united and also individual act of devotion, with undimmed sight and also with a perspective from which—if only for a moment—the veil of Maya has been lifted. I am sure that it must be the feeling of many of us, that in this awesome moment we are closer to the mountain top, and have a clearer view from there of the sunshine of life, than we have ever had before. In this interval our petty little "self" is so stunned by the sacred demands made upon the true Man, the Higher Nature of each of us, which desires to adopt this Resolution, that it can not importune us with advice about caution and moderation and its infernal, "What will become of me?" At this invocation, so magically prepared, our united will has the potency of a vision gained from the mountain-peak far above the clouds; to-morrow we become valley-dwellers again, and the height and what we have seen from there, may once more seem inaccessible. Now we seem to be face to face with the speaker whose call rings out: "In God's name come over and help us. The need is so great!" To-morrow we may hesitate and weigh the pros and cons and ask, "Master, is thy need so great that I must sacrifice my all?"

In this Resolution is embodied all for which the Society stands, as the *spirit-*

ual organ of humanity. The Society is a living organism for the production of chêlas, and if it fulfils not its function, its fate must be that of the barren fig tree. The magnificent opportunity is granted us now to aspire to and make concrete that which for years we have subscribed to with our lips. "But if I fail?" Failure is an illusion, and like all others, a snare of Mara. In the Lodge, acts are not judged by success or failure; its aspirants do not stand or fall by human standards. Here, "not failure, but low aim, is crime". To the timid one who seeks the things of the earth, the poet has given the advice: "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all". These are good, but for the would-be chêla, words of even deeper import are written: *The power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men. . . . Thy right is to the work, and never to its fruits. . . . The first and only right of the neophyte is—to be tried.*

By the life-force with which we endow this united Resolution, and seek individually to answer the call, by that measure does the cause of the Masters, the attempt to redeem a dying world, gain or lose in strength. Now each of us is being tested: how much do we understand? how much do we love? what is the measure of our love? We have been given this afternoon the only test by which love can ever be measured—by the completeness of its sacrifice. And the Masters ask for the sacrifice of this mole-eyed demon of self, the slayer of the real who keeps us from the object of our love.

Let us enter freely, with hearts aflame, that glorious warfare of the soul; let us make instant use of that fire which we have demanded from Heaven and which must be returned to its source. Face to face with all that is good and true and beautiful in the whole wide world, with our own supreme selves, what does it matter what becomes of us, so long as the Cause of the Masters triumphs?

Mr. Mullinax: I have long wanted to attend a Convention, and it is gratifying to me to be here in such unusual circumstances. Something has been brought up which, as I see it, is of the utmost importance to the Society and to every one of its members. We can talk till our minds become numb, but it will not get us anywhere. Sooner or later, each one must do something about it. I think it should be done now. I would whole-heartedly subscribe to that Resolution and I hope the Masters will help us all to do the same.

Mr. W. E. Smith: I am a very young member in service, and very unworthy to voice any opinion here. I have less knowledge than faith and hope, but I feel we are confronted with a great opportunity. If, as Dr. Torrey suggests, some of us who are young, change and fail, it would be deplorable; and there is always the possibility that we shall change and fail. But if some of us fall, and have to go forward on our hands and knees, and yet one of us reaches the goal,—it will be worth it.

Mr. John Mitchell: I think the Resolution is in the nature of a pledge of one's life. I think that for someone to take this pledge and fail later would

do much more harm than good. It would be preferable for an individual like that, not to vote on it. I am whole-heartedly in favour of the purpose behind the Resolution, but I think it would be harmful for one to fail.

Miss Husby: In answer to that, I should say that perhaps we should feel that the personal Karma of failure is not so important as what we may be able to accomplish collectively. A collective pledge is not the same as a personal pledge. If we contribute, individually, to what would help the rest to go forward with a united purpose—to produce a chêla—our individual failure would not be important.

Mr. Ganson: It is to me the most marvellous thing that has happened in any Convention that I can remember: to have a call voiced to us from the Masters in such definite and ungarnished language. It means the opening up of our nature to the Master's nature, so the heart touches his heart and the fire comes in to us. It does not make any difference whether you or I become that chêla. It is the collective work that will count.

Mrs. Bell: It seems to me that in all this talk about failure, we leave out all that the Masters are going to do to help us keep this Resolution.

Mr. Jiménez: I think this may be a turning point, an opportunity offered by the Masters. They know what they are doing. I think the adventure is worth all the possible losses.

Mr. Hargrove: Personally, I am grateful to those who have spoken, to one and all. I should like to include Mr. John Mitchell,—because it takes courage to voice a solitary objection. But of course the truth of the matter is that the failure of the individual, lamentable though that be, is of no consequence whatever in comparison with the possible success of the group of which he is a part. Think of a regiment of soldiers—a man can go forward with his regiment, or he can stay behind. If he goes forward, he may be killed. That would be unfortunate, but at least he will have the honour of having gone forward. If he says, No, the risk is too great and he might be killed,—he may save his life, but I am not sure that he will find it.

I am completely in accord with Dr. Torrey's warning. Keep out of it, if you do not want it, because we do not want you in it.

At the same time, do not act on a wave of emotion, and then go outside the door and feel that you made a fool of yourself. I do think, however, that it is only fair to those who have made up their minds, that they should have an opportunity to go on record. If anyone disapproves of the Resolution, he can vote against it; or, if some have not grasped its meaning—in spite of the fact that it has been read twice—they can (and should) abstain from voting. May I ask, therefore, that those who are in favour of the Resolution, signify this by holding up their right hand. [Very few abstained from expressing immediate and enthusiastic approval.] Those against should have an opportunity to register their disapproval in the same way. [None did so.] I do

not believe that I should be saying anything unwarrantable if I were to express the belief that the Masters thank you.

THE CHAIRMAN: The next business of the Convention would be, in regular procedure, to hear from the delegates present; but I am wondering whether it is true that there was nothing more to say after Mr. Hargrove sat down. There is, at least, something I should like to add, and that is an expression of our gratitude to the Theosophical Movement, to its members, living and dead, to its founders and the Great Lodge of Masters, that by their divine compassion they have brought us to the point where we can take this Resolution, and make it the conscious purpose of our lives.

Miss Hohnstedt was then asked to speak for the Cincinnati Branch.

MISS HOHNSTEDT: I do not want to say much about our work in Cincinnati, but I should like to say how glad I am that this Resolution was brought before us. It occurs to me that parents never ask children to do anything that is impossible; and the Masters are our parents on the spiritual plane, and they would not ask us to do anything impossible; and if we all make up our minds to live up to it, we shall have their help.

MR. OBERLANDER: I can only say that I am glad that I am here to partake of the inspiration, the guidance and strength that a Convention like this gives us for the following year.

MRS. REGAN: It is very hard to remember what you had planned to say as a delegate, because our hearts are so full of the Resolution.

When I first began coming to our Conventions, I remember that as we greeted each other, year after year, invariably one of us would say: "I am so glad I could come to Convention—I get so much from it." As the years go by, our attitude changes. We begin to think, "What can I give to Convention?" And all that we can give is ourselves—what we are, or at least what we have been struggling for through the years. But at this Convention, we have had an opportunity that we have never had before, an opportunity to pledge ourselves to stand by the Masters, to fight for them, and I thank God with all my heart that we have had that opportunity.

MISS GORICH: My gratitude to Theosophy and to the older members is something which I cannot express. I know that everything that I am is due to what I have learned through Theosophy. I bring greetings from the Branch in Denver. I am hoping to take back to them much of the inspiration I received at this Convention. I am heart and soul in sympathy with the Resolution, and am glad to have the opportunity to serve the Masters in that way.

MR. MULLINAX: This is the keenest pleasure that I have ever had, in this room to-day. It is perfectly marvellous. I have wanted to come here for a very long time, and it just did not seem that I could. I have never had any conception of what it would actually be like. I am proud to stand in your

presence. It is an honourable company, and it is a very great privilege. It is this wonderful feeling in the heart, of unity,—that we are part of that greater life which rules all nations and which is ours if we will make it so. It is not possible for me to express, with any degree of adequacy, my sense of gratitude to those who have done so much for me and for the Masters' Cause. I thank you.

Mr. González Jiménez then read the following message on behalf of the Branch in Venezuela.

To the members of the T.S. in Convention assembled: Another benediction; another gathering of men and gods; another Convention! How shall we respond? We have been told again and again: by subjecting our lower nature to the higher; by living as a soul; through *re-ligion*, the binding of ourselves to the Father in Heaven.

Our Society was conceived and formed by Masters of the Lodge, whose Patron is the Heavenly Father, for the purpose of re-linking us, through the specific and personal devotion of the Head of our spiritual genealogy, to the Perfect and Universal Father. To arouse this filial devotion in us, is the essential mandate of all the Emissaries of the Lodge.

The most striking and dynamic definition of Theosophy, as we understand it, is "to live the life" (a platitude, intellectually). But nowadays it ought to be a life of combat, waged as never before, with the ceaseless, growing joy of the celestial companionship. After its 63 years of existence as a body, it seems to us that the Society is more and more concerned with this inner attitude and less and less with simple formalism. We feel that it has transcended the interest of Branch routine. You all, and much more, indeed, our Masters, who we believe are in our midst to-day, are more avid of the invisible aroma arising from the censer of hearts set afire, than of descriptions of exterior activities. How we wish we had, instead of a written Report, the incense distilled from the bark of our Kama, to be burned in the censer of this Convention! We surely would co-operate if we could, humbly, unknown, with the Masters in their perpetual holocaust for the healing and deification of the race! H.P.B. called this co-operation the pinnacle of art. "Is it not", she says, "the greatest art of all; this which affects the very atmosphere in which we live? That it is the most important is seen at once, when we remember that every person who draws the breath of life affects the mental and moral atmosphere of the world, and helps to colour the day for those about him."

This is not a benevolent counsel to be heard lightly. Is this call to be wasted on the deafness of our desert? Never! must be our response. It is the implicit pledge of our membership; the summons to our sense of decency, or fitness, but in any case, to our filial gratitude, which confronts us with a dilemma that we cannot elude: to be or not to be; to conquer or perish, to people the Heavens or to fill the cemeteries. Thus, H.P.B. proceeds: "Those who do not help to elevate the thoughts and lives of others must of necessity either paralyze them by indifference, or actively drag them down. When this point

is reached, then the art of life is converted into the science of death; we see the black magician at work. And no one can be quite inactive." In other words, if we do not co-operate with the Guardian Angel of our Higher Self, or Master, in the divine re-making, we, by the open door of the Theosophy we have assimilated, lend ourselves of necessity to ten demons of our lower nature for the undoing of the race. An angel sufficed to save Tobias, but ten fiends were sent to kill Sensa.

You all know that living the life involves a twofold process: a demand and a supply. Inconceivable is the effort of evolution without the recompense of involution, just as "below" is inconceivable without "above", or a shadow without a form that projects it. For, after all, what we call personal evolution is but the silhouette of spiritual involution.

It is not an easy task in an easy environment; but have we not been told that the theosophical life is for those who have courage and common sense, brain and resolution, feeling and understanding? And, on the other hand, in the eternal law of compensation, we must remember that extremes meet: the greatest help comes to the maximum need. Let us hear what Judge says: "There is one thing peculiar to the present *Kali-Yuga* that may be used by the student. All causes now bring about their effects much more rapidly than in any other or better age. Thus by bearing all the manifold troubles of this age and steadily triumphing, the object of his efforts will be more quickly realized, for, while the obstacles seem great, the powers to be invoked can be reached more quickly." Infallibly, when in the storm we admit our insufficience, and self resigns as pilot; when, submissively and with faith, we send out the S.O.S. evoking divine guidance,—Krishna appears on deck, and takes the helm of our tossing boat.

The humble work of our Branch has been an effort to commence to live this kind of life that the Masters ask of us; and, by their gracious inspiration and direct help, we hope our commencement will be definite, in keeping the law of our Lord, for we are longing for the day when, like the oriental devotee, we can say: "I take my refuge in the Buddha, in his Law, in his Sangha".

Miss Husby: After this afternoon, I think that, first of all, I should like to express my gratitude for being a member of this organization, through which I have such an opportunity. I could not have it otherwise. Life suggests a parallel with our collective effort. In the world of art, there are creative artists, and art appreciators. The appreciator is seldom thought of as a creative artist, but I think he may well consider that when he looks upon a thing of beauty, and recognizes its beauty, he has helped to create it; that he can thank the artist for doing the work, for being a creator in one sense, but that he is also a creator, because he has loved the beauty.

Mr. Cross then spoke of his experiences in the Biological Department of an American University, deploring the fact that only the husks of life are studied there. He had found the teachers devoted to their tasks but obsessed with the notion that the accumulation of facts was the goal of research.

They were uninterested in the possibility that principles lay behind the facts.

This did not seem to be so true of the older generation of biologists in whose writings we find evidence that they held certain convictions and broad ideas which they were not afraid to defend, though their defence often grew to heated argument and led to intense personal animosities and notorious academic squabbles.

The theosophical doctrine of tolerance has now penetrated society to some extent, yet the forces of darkness have worked to pervert this very truth, for we now find that it is considered bad form to object to anything.

The older biologists were trained in classics and philosophy as well as in science. Consequently they had a set of criteria based upon knowledge of recorded human thought and experience by which to distinguish between truth and falsehood. To-day, with our intense specialization, this broader background has been lost and, as a result, the basis for sound judgment has largely disappeared with it. The younger biologists are no longer interested in evolution or the other great principles. Hence many old fallacies reappear under the guise of new opinions which a perverted sense of tolerance, as well as general ignorance, put into circulation. This is particularly true of mechanistic doctrines, which are once more popular.

So it is that a few students welcome the broader outlook which Theosophy provides. They feel that it takes up biological work where the greater students of the nineteenth century left it, and carries it forward along the lines to which their researches pointed, and along which it ought normally to have moved.

THE CHAIRMAN: We have always felt that this part of the Convention, when we hear from our distant members, is one of special pleasure and interest. We have enjoyed it no less to-day; yet as several speakers have said, it has seemed that the Convention reached its climax with the Report of the Committee on Resolutions, and that all which has been said since has been important only as it bore upon the aim that we could now consciously set ourselves. This note has been sent to me: "Please, won't you say just a word before we close, of our joy and gladness, inner and outer, that we have been given this glorious opportunity?" It shows where our thoughts are centred. It may well be that our New York members, upon whom I shall call next, had intended to say something else to us, but perhaps what had been planned is not so important as that we should get back to the central truths and purposes which are now in all our minds. What is it that The Theosophical Society has to do? What is the opportunity offered us?

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: The opportunity offered to us is one found only in The Theosophical Society. It is too big to put into words. One could describe one aspect as magnificent courtesy. Through their great generosity and courtesy, we are offered the supreme privilege of helping the Great Ones of all time; of serving our own highest ideal, embodied in the Masters of the Great Lodge. We, as we are—little and poor—are offered the chance to help them in carrying out their great purposes for mankind. If we could choose,

for what more splendid destiny could we ask than the opportunity to have a part, no matter how small, in that Cause, the greatest of all causes, under the most superb of all leaders?

How can we keep alive in our hearts the fire that that thought always ought to light? It is easy to feel the fire here. It is not easy to keep it burning throughout the year—not easy to keep it from being overlaid by worldly matters, by absorption in one's business, in one's duties. To keep the fire alive, we must use our imaginations to see what the true facts are, and to bring realization of them home to our hearts. And we must keep it alive by will, by offering all that we do, with the intention that it will help in the Masters' Cause, leaving results to them.

Mr. LaDow: It seems to me that one way of expressing our experience to-day is that, in greater or lesser degree, but in the most concrete sense, we have come into contact with the real world. That sense of reality has doubtless come in many forms. For example, there has been a sense of real time, wherein past and present and future are all seen as one, "under the form of the Eternal". In particular, I think we have all had some sense of real space. A great mystic said that in real space in the real world, souls are separated not by physical distance but by difference of purpose. And just because, to-day, we have been drawn by a compelling power, by the magnet of a single purpose, I believe that we have been aware of a unity greater than many of us had imagined to be possible. And all this has happened surely because we have been in the presence of *real people*, in the presence of members of the Lodge. As Mr. Mitchell has just said, we can feel these things here—it is not even a question of belief, but of conviction—but when we go out on Fifth Avenue, as we soon must, we are going to live and move once more among "walking corpses"; we are going to be plunged back into the world of the unreal. And every day of the year which is before us, we shall have to face that unreal aspect of existence. But in so far as we hold fast to the certainty that here to-day we have had immediate consciousness of the true and the real, in so far as we practise continuous *recollection*, we shall actually help the Masters (the real people of the world) in their efforts to turn men's attention from the unreal and false to the real and true.

All of us must have heard of Adept Kings. What is an Adept King? In one sense, the Adept King of a nation is the real, the natural leader of that nation. He is a fact in Nature. He is not elected, is not presented with a certificate or with anything of that sort. A certain nation belongs to him. He may be an exile from his people, but he is no less their true king. To bring the Lodge nearer to the world, what can we do? If we make ourselves the loyal and devoted subjects of our Adept King (of the Master to whom we belong), that will mark at least a beginning of his return from exile. It seems to me that in no other way than by first a few, and then more, and then still more of his children turning to him,—in no other way can the Master's exile be ended and can he return to earth.

THE CHAIRMAN: I am again in a quandary. There are others from whom we should like to hear; but a question has been twice repeated: Can more be said? Talk for talk's sake, when all that is needful has been said, is definitely immoral,—a waste of force which none can afford, least of all we, who face an undertaking requiring all we can command. I do not myself think we should gain by prolonging our discussion. Rather do I believe that we have come to the point where we should act, and that the first steps toward the realization of our purpose, were indicated to us in the note struck in opening the Convention,—the note of indrawal to the Real. The true Self of the Movement, as the true Self of our own souls, is to be found in silence. To-day the parade of the World's Fair has passed within a stone's throw of our door. It was not from it that we could learn either of our own or of the world's needs. Instead, we shut out the world, and sought to look back to the source of inspiration and the touchstone of reality, that we might learn how to deal both with the world and with ourselves. That was the note which was struck clearly at the beginning, and which has run through all our deliberations. The bridge between the inner and the outer worlds, between man and his Elder Brothers, the bridge which The Theosophical Society was founded to form and to maintain, cannot be maintained if it rest upon the shifting sands of glamour and opinion. It must reach and contact the outer world, but it cannot rest upon it. It must rest solidly upon spiritual reality. Therefore we, the custodians of the bridge, entrusted with its maintenance, must reach that spiritual reality ourselves. We can maintain the link unbroken in the Movement, only as we maintain it unbroken in ourselves. The link with our "divine part", which our individual, sentient lives should be, must be so strengthened by use, so quickened by our response to what comes to us from above, that it develops—in some among us at least—into chêlaship, becoming a conscious link with the Lodge, between the man and his own Master.

This purpose has been brought clearly into consciousness to-day, and has been recognized and recorded as our own. To be achieved, it must be pursued by each within his own thought and acts. It will not be furthered by overmuch talk with our fellows; nor by overmuch attention being paid to the state, good or bad, of our outer personalities, for it is not what these are now, but what we can make of them, which is of moment to us. They are of value only for their potentialities, for what they can become, as instruments in the work. We do not realize potentialities by crystallizing them in their present undeveloped stage—by thinking of our present capacities or sins or virtues, as though they were something fixed and permanent; but rather by looking steadfastly to what we want accomplished, and by insisting upon accomplishing it. Our experience, as we listened to our Branch Reports, and found ourselves considering them only in the light of the Resolution we had taken, is typical of what should be our attitude toward all our characteristics and affairs,—their significance for us should be in their bearing upon our central purpose.

I think, therefore, that our Convention has reached its culmination. This morning I asked whether there was anything the Masters could do for us that

they had not done, more of fire they could send to kindle us than they had sent; and now we must answer those questions differently. By some miracle of their grace they have sent us far more, as all of us must be well aware. It only remains, therefore, to register your gratitude, as well as my own, for the opportunity this day has brought us to engrave upon our consciousness and wills the true purpose of our lives.

By request, the Resolution was re-read, after which the Committee on Resolutions was discharged, and the Convention adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.
JULIA CHICKERING,
Assistant Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: On behalf of the members of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Branch, I have much pleasure in conveying to you our heartiest greetings and good wishes. We are glad that this home-coming is made possible once again, for we feel that as the years go by, these Conventions increase in value and significance. They are a source of strength to the members, as a whole, and a gleam of light to the outside world.

We shall therefore be with you in heart and mind on this great day, and may you feel the spirit of our presence and our never-flagging interest. We feel that we must have something to give, something to contribute to this Great Cause, and not be like young birds merely waiting to be fed. We feel that our best gift, our best contribution, will be that of ourselves. But it must be whole-hearted giving—not partial—where something is kept back. This implies vision, resolution, effort, sacrifice. And what a rallying to the standard such a realization would be! The valour of the dauntless warrior would strike like Vulcan on the hearts of men, and the waiting Messenger would find a vehicle to his hand. We, therefore, at this time, give what we have—what we are—and consecrate ourselves anew to more efficient, more worthy service.

We would particularly express our gratitude and thankfulness for the Wanderer's comments on the international situation in October last. With force, because of embodiment and, hence, understanding, he states clearly and convincingly, that "Right, not might, always triumphs in the end." And is it not our Work at the present time to stand boldly and fearlessly for the Right, no matter at what cost? To resort to no expedient or compromise where a principle of righteousness is at stake? Is it not for us to follow the example of H.P.B. to the very utmost? Mr. Johnston says of her:—"With unparalleled force, she asserted the Soul; with transcendent strength she taught the reality of Spirit, by living the life, and manifesting the energies of an immortal. She cast herself with torrential force against the dark noxious clouds of evil that envelop and poison human life. The rift in their leaden masses through which, high above, we catch a glimpse of the blue, bears testimony to the greatness of the power that rent them asunder."

We are told that "love is the power that moves the world, the only power that moves the spiritual world". So, as long as that "nucleus" which has been formed, is maintained and carried forward, Brotherhood, based on no mere sentimentality, but on real love, on the spiritual unity of mankind, will continue to be a living factor in the world.

We feel that it is still on these lines that the Work of the Masters has to proceed, and we trust that your deliberations to-day, may be fraught with renewed vigour and insight to that end.

E. HOWARD LINCOLN,
President.

OSLO, NORWAY.

To the Secretary T.S.: I have been requested by our Chairman—who is ill—to send Greetings on behalf of the Oslo Branch to Members of The Theosophical Society assembled in Convention and elsewhere.

Knowing from personal experience what it is to be present, and also what these Annual Conventions mean to the many members who for divers reasons are prevented from attending, I doubt if there exists any other Society—with members spread all over the World—where *all* are so united in heart and mind on Convention Day.

Believing in the power of thought, this "tuning in" is assuredly registered by those present, the knowledge of it strengthening still further the inspired impulses which from there again go forth into the world,—and which we believe are of greater importance and have a more far-reaching effect and influence than can be accounted for. The condition of the World to-day, the complexity of the political constellations, and the constant threat of War, make one feel that guidance and true perception are needed more than ever by all nations, and by their leaders and rulers in particular, to enable each and all to see the real issues and thereby know how to choose rightly. To this end, too, we are grateful that a Convention again is taking place, our gratitude extending to the Elders, who by their presence, their loyalty to the Cause, by their self-sacrificing labour, give light and life to the proceedings, to the Society —year after year: the nucleus of the nucleus.

To the editors of the QUARTERLY, to all who contribute to it, we likewise again wish to express our heartfelt thanks, for this link which enables us to keep in contact with Headquarters—no matter what distance separates us in body.

For the Oslo Branch T.S.,
H. KNOFF.

NORWICH, ENGLAND.

To the Secretary T.S.: Every year we hope that the Convention will be stronger, nobler, more inspired than any of the others, great though they have been, and so, both personally and as President of our Norfolk Branch, I send my warmest greetings and heartiest good wishes to all our fellow members assembled in New York.

We are living through difficult and dangerous days; I suppose that there have been times as bad in the long history of mankind, but what strikes one most is that all the old landmarks that appeared so stable—things that one could cling to in days of danger—are being rapidly swept away; all moral standards are vanishing, and it seems as if the very foundations of civilization are being destroyed, in an oncoming wave of chaos and anarchy. It is not an encouraging prospect, and yet reflection shows that it holds great possibilities and opportunities, for history proves that it is precisely in such times of chaos that some great man has appeared, some noble faith has arisen that has been called forth by the suffering and the longing of that part of humanity in which at least a remnant of faith and devotion survived. Krishna told Arjuna that when there was decay of truth and faith, and exaltation of ignorance and evil, "He himself came forth"; and such a statement is one to stay all our hope on, and to prevent any tendency towards discouragement. In the turmoil of the present day, what alone is stable and unshakable is the Theosophical Movement and the Lodge of Masters, who can see far beyond what is now occurring and are guiding the destinies of mankind and The Theosophical Society which is the instrument of the Lodge in the world, to which we have the immense privilege of belonging. . . . The whole world appears to be locked at present in the deadliest of conflicts, and unfortunately some of the great nations, which should be fighting whole-heartedly for the right, have become tainted with the spirit of compromise, of defeatism, which is sapping all their energy, paralysing the good that is in them.

We know that in the great fight that is now being waged no one can be neutral, and it seems to me that our chief duty, as members of the T.S., is to prove this in our own lives and so to infect others with the same spirit. We have been told over and over again that the Lodge needs chêlas, that the T.S. should be able to provide them. What are we doing about this? Are we all doing our best and utmost to answer the call of the Lodge for them? These are questions that become more insistent as Convention draws nearer, and we meditate on it. On our answers to them may depend more than we can possibly imagine. Great military strategists have said that the best method of defence is to attack, and that is what we are asked to do to-day.

ESPOIR BAGNELL,
President, Norfolk Branch.

NORWICH, ENGLAND.

To the Secretary T.S.: Once again our thoughts turn towards Convention, in this month of preparation, while we look forward with hope towards that assembling of the Powers, with thankfulness that once again a Convention may be held, with prayer in our hearts that we may respond aright to the outpouring of power which is given at that time.

Those of us who are not free to attend in person, come to understand with the passage of the years, that it is our privilege to listen, in stillness and silence, for the note, or vibration, which resounds at Convention-time; the challenge to us is to keep rightly attuned, and this demands all our powers of concentration, steadfastness, self-forgetfulness.

It is of the utmost interest, when the July QUARTERLY reaches us, to read the Convention report, to note how the thought of the different speakers exemplifies that "unity in diversity" which is the hall-mark of the Society. In this connection, I was thinking of the words of H.P.B., the Pioneer—"Follow the Path I show, the Masters who are behind, do not follow me or my path." It is interesting to remember that the diversity must ever lead back to the central Unity, even as the seven Rays seen through the prism are but diverse aspects of the white Light of the Real. As to that, it was also written by another of the Pioneers—"The Masters and the Light within are not different."

With sincere good wishes to all "in Convention assembled", whether present in the Studio, or closely united, from their own homes, in heart and intention.

HOPE BAGNELL,
Secretary, Norfolk Branch.

TORONTO, CANADA.

Toronto Branch sends Greetings to the Convention.

The study by the Branch of the New Testament has shown the necessity of studying it in the light which Theosophy brings. So much of its meaning is obscure, so much of it misunderstood, that it is small wonder so many have lost their faith in its teaching. Studying it in the light of Theosophy is like bringing a bright light into a dark cavern, and we see, it seems for the first time, the figure of a Master of Compassion, full of love and sympathy, seeking his lost sheep.

The gratitude or lack of it expressed by individuals or nations for such love and sacrifice, is a criterion as to whether they are worthy of continued life, or the destruction that awaits all evil.

This is the only time when it is possible for us to express publicly what we feel privately,—our deep appreciation of the QUARTERLY and our gratitude to its Editors and contributors.

ALBERT J. HARRIS,
Secretary, Toronto Branch.

WHITLEY BAY, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: The members of the Whitley Bay Branch send heartiest good wishes, and sincere fraternal greetings.

Great changes are taking place in the ideas and thoughts of men and nations, but there

are two fundamentally opposing ideas which can be summed up in a few words. On the one hand they say "Might is Right", whereas all who understand the doctrine of the moral law know that only "Right is Might". Here is the old story of physical might casting the shadow of darkness on the minds of men in the effort to dim the light of spiritual values. The shadow cast by the desires of men to make might prevail, is indeed very dark, but may not the depth of this shadow indicate that the shining light of the warrior who stands behind righteousness, is drawing nearer, and that truth may soon stand revealed?

May we therefore by a united effort put forth the whole strength of our conviction of the existence of the moral law, so that right may prevail, and the existing turmoil and strife be ended.

FREDK. A. ROSS,
President, Whitley Bay Branch.

PONDICHÉRY, FRENCH INDIA.

I wish to send greetings to my fellow members of the T.S. as they are all gathered once again in the friendly, deep, strong atmosphere of the little room in the Mews. I too will be there in my thoughts, and as I sit at meditation with the disciples of the Ashram, I shall feel the spiritual energy which you have drawn to yourselves. It will reach me also here on the opposite side of the earth in circumstances also entirely different from yours. For here all is at peace. Away from strife, rush, greed and noise, away from all mechanization and artificialities, sheltered from any anxiety, the disciples of the Ashram also seek the Divine Life. As I see them daily going about their labours, looking much like angels that have never known incarnation, I think of you all, the fighters, the warriors, who must reach the Divine through sweat and blood. I know then what Theosophy gives of confidence and power, and know too that nowhere else could we find a guidance so true and so complete, ranging from the field of pure Spirit to world politics, from problems of personal conduct to problems of the Soul.

Surely you will come away from Convention renewed, rebuilt, and with a new sword which the Masters will have given you for the fight that is coming.

I join you in your prayers for strength, and fortitude, and your prayers of gratitude for all that has been done for us.

I send the scent of jasmine with my greetings.

NOÉMI P. RAYMOND.

Letters of Greeting were received by delegates and members with the greatest interest and with frequent applause. In addition to the foregoing, the letters included greetings from Mr. W. H. Box (Los Angeles); Miss Anne Evans, President, and Miss Wallace, Secretary, Virya Branch (Colorado); Miss Eleanor Evans (England); Miss Anna Fjaestad, President of the Arvika Branch (Sweden); Mrs. A. Good (Nova Scotia); Mrs. Maughan, Secretary, Krishna Branch (England); Miss María G. Reyes, Secretary, Venezuela Branch; Mr. W. G. Roberts, President, Middletown Branch (Ohio); Mr. and Mrs. Schoch (Brazil); Mr. A. Valedón (Venezuela); Mr. P. W. Ward, Secretary, Gateshead Branch (England); telegram from Captain and Mrs. Hamlen (Maine); cablegrams from Mrs. and Miss Bagnell (England); Mr. Rivero (Venezuela); Mrs. Vaile (France), and from the Venezuela Branch. Many other letters, and another cablegram, from abroad were read, and were received with much sympathy and interest, but, to our regret, cannot be acknowledged or quoted in the open pages of the QUARTERLY for the reason that conditions in some parts of the world would make this inconsiderate and inexpedient.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY[1]

II.

"ADEPTS are a necessity in nature and in supernature. They are the links between men and the gods; these 'gods' being the souls of great adepts and Masters of bygone races and ages, and so on, up to the threshold of Nirvana. The continuity is unbroken."

"What do they do?"

"You would hardly understand, unless you were an adept. But they keep alive the spiritual life of mankind."

"What does it feel like, to go sailing about in your astral body? I sometimes dream I am flying, and I am always in the same position; almost lying on my back, and going feet foremost. Is it anything like that?"

"That is not what I feel", she said; "I feel exactly like a cork rising to the top of water, you understand. The relief is immense. I am only alive then. And then I go to the Master."

"Come back to what you were saying. I ought not to have interrupted you. How do the adepts guide the souls of men?"

"In many ways, but chiefly by teaching their souls direct, in the spiritual world. But that is difficult for you to understand. This is quite intelligible, though. At certain regular periods, they try to give the world at large a right understanding of spiritual things. One of their number comes forth to teach the masses, and is handed down to tradition as the Founder of a religion. Krishna was such a Master; so was Zoroaster; so were Buddha and Shankara Acharya, the great sage of Southern India. So also was the Nazarene. He went forth against the counsel of the rest, to give to the masses before the time, moved by a great pity, and enthusiasm for humanity; he was warned that the time was unfavourable, but nevertheless he elected to go, and so was put to death at the instigation of the priests."

[1] By Charles Johnston, from *The Theosophical Forum*, Vol. 6, No. 2, June, 1900, page 22; and Vol. 6, No. 3, July, 1900, page 44.

In this instalment, which completes the Reprint, Mr. Johnston continues the account of his conversation with H.P.B. at "Maycot", Norwood, near London, in the spring of 1887.

"Have the adepts any secret records of his life?"

"They must have", she answered; "for they have records of the lives of all Initiates. Once I was in a great cave-temple in the Himalaya mountains, with my Master", and she looked at the picture of the splendid Rajput; "there were many statues of adepts there; pointing to one of them, he said: 'This is he whom you call Jesus. We count him to be one of the greatest among us.'

"But that is not the only work of the adepts. At much shorter periods, they send forth a messenger to try to teach the world. Such a period comes in the last quarter of each century, and the Theosophical Society represents their work for this epoch."

"How does it benefit mankind?"

"How does it benefit you to know the laws of life? Does it not help you to escape sickness and death? Well, there is a soul-sickness, and a soul-death. Only the true teaching of Life can cure them. The dogmatic churches, with their hell and damnation, their metal heaven and their fire and brimstone, have made it almost impossible for thinking people to believe in the immortality of the soul. And if they do not believe in a life after death, then they have no life after death. That is the law."

"How can what people believe possibly affect them? Either it is or it isn't, whatever they may believe."

"Their belief affects them in this way. Their life after death is made by their aspirations and spiritual development unfolding in the spiritual world. According to the growth of each, so is his life after death. It is the complement of his life here. All unsatisfied spiritual longings, all desires for higher life, all aspirations and dreams of noble things, come to flower in the spiritual life, and the soul has its day, for life on earth is its night. But if you have no aspirations, no higher longings, no beliefs in any life after death, then there is nothing for your spiritual life to be made up of; your soul is a blank."

"What becomes of you then?"

"You reincarnate immediately, almost without an interval, and without regaining consciousness in the other world."

"Suppose, on the other hand, you do believe in heaven, say the orthodox El Dorado?"

"Your fate after death is this. You have first to pass through what we call Kama Loka, the world of desire, the borderland, in which the soul is purged of the dross of animal life; of all its passions and evil desires. These gradually work themselves out, and having no fresh fuel to keep them burning, they slowly exhaust themselves. Then the soul rises to what we call Devachan, the state which is distorted in the orthodox teaching of heaven. Each soul makes its own Devachan, and sees around it those whom it most loved on earth, enjoying happiness in their company. If you believed in the orthodox heaven, you see the golden city and the gates of pearl; if you believed in Shîva's paradise, you find yourself in the midst of many-armed gods; the Red-man sees the happy hunting grounds, and the philosopher enters into the free life of the soul. In all cases, your spirit gathers new strength for a fresh incarnation."

"Must you come back? Is there no escape?"

"If your material desires are unexhausted at death, you must. Desires are forces, and we believe in the conservation of force. You must reap the seed of your own sowing, and reap it where it was sown. Your new life will be the exact result of your deeds in your preceding life. No one can escape the punishment of his sins, any more than he can escape the reward of his virtues. That is the law of Karma. You must go on being reborn till you reach Nirvana."

"Well, it seems to me that all that is more or less contained in the orthodox beliefs, only a good deal distorted."

"Yes", she answered; "that is just it. The orthodoxies do contain the truth, but their followers do not understand it; they put forth teachings which no intelligent man can accept, and so we are all drifting into atheism and materialism. But when we Theosophists show them how to interpret their teachings, it will be quite different. Then they will see how much truth they had, without knowing it. The stories in Genesis, for instance, are all symbols of real truths; and the account of the Creation there, and of Adam and Eve, has far more real truth than Darwinism, once you understand it. But that can only be done by Theosophy."

"How would you, as a Theosophist, set about it?"

"Well", she answered, "in two ways; first, by giving out the truth, as it is taught to-day in the occult schools, and then by the comparative method; by setting people to study the Aryan and other Eastern scriptures, where they will find the other halves of so many things that have proved stumbling-blocks in the Bible."

"For instance?"

"Take that very teaching of heaven and hell and purgatory. The sacred books of India light up the whole of it, and make it a thoroughly philosophic and credible teaching. But you must study the Oriental religions before you can fully understand what I say. Remember that in the Old Testament there is absolutely no teaching of the immortality of the soul, while in the New Testament it is inextricably confused with the resurrection of the body. But the Upanishads have the real occult and spiritual doctrine."

"Well, I can thoroughly understand and sympathize with that; and to put forth any such teaching at a time like this, when we are all drifting into materialism, would seem a big enough work for any school of adepts and Masters. I can see how the teaching of rebirth would make life far more unselfish and humane, and therefore far happier. What else do you teach, as Theosophists?"

"Well, Sir! I am being cross-examined this evening, it would seem", she answered with a smile, and rolled me another cigarette, making herself one also, and lighting up with evident relish. "We teach something very old, and yet which needs to be taught. We teach universal brotherhood."

"Don't let us get vague and general. Tell me exactly what you mean by that."

"Let me take a concrete case", she said; and glanced meditatively at her secretary, who had been listening quietly and with serious and sincere interest

to all she had been saying, even though he had heard much of it from her, time and again. He began to grow a little uneasy under her gaze, and she noticed it and instantly fastened upon him.

"Take the English", she said, and looked at him with those potent blue eyes of hers, as though he in his own person must answer for the sins of his race.

"H.P.B.", he said, rising with a sigh from the table; "I think I had really better go upstairs and go on copying out the manuscript of *The Secret Doctrine*"; and he disappeared.

"Do you think he will?" said H.P.B. with a smile of infinite good-humour. "Not he; he will cuddle into his arm-chair, smoke endless cigarettes, and read a blood and thunder novel." She was mistaken, however. When I went upstairs to say good-bye, he was in the arm-chair, serenely smoking, it is true; but it was a detective story. He sat upon it, and said something about getting to work.

"Take the English", she repeated. "How cruel they are! How badly they treat my poor Hindoos!" [2]

"I have always understood that they had done a good deal for India in a material way", I objected.

"India is a well-ventilated jail", she said; "it is true they do something in a material way, but it is always three for themselves and one for the natives. But what is the use of material benefits, if you are despised and trampled down morally all the time? If your ideals of national honour and glory are crushed in the mud, and you are made to feel all the time that you are an inferior race—a lower order of mortals—pigs, the English call them, and sincerely believe it. Well, just the reverse of that would be universal brotherhood. Do them less good materially—not that they do so very much, besides collecting the taxes regularly—and respect their feelings a little more. The English believe that the 'inferior races' exist only to serve the ends of the English; but we believe that they exist for themselves, and have a perfect right to be happy in their own way. No amount of material benefit can compensate for hurting their souls and crushing out their ideals. Besides there is another side of all that, which we as Theosophists always point out. There are really no 'inferior races', for all are one in our common humanity; and as we have all had incarnations in each of these races, we ought to be more brotherly to them. They are our wards, entrusted to us; and what do we do? We invade their lands, and shoot them down in sight of their own homes; we outrage their women, and rob their goods, and then with smooth-faced hypocrisy we turn round and say we are doing it for their good. There are two bad things: hypocrisy

[2] It was part of H.P.B.'s mission to "break up the moulds of minds". Talking to a devotee of Science, she would expose its ignorance and berate its dogmatism; talking to an orthodox Protestant, who would be unlikely to approach her except from curiosity, she might expatiate on the greater liberality of her own, the Russian Church, or pour contempt upon the then current conceptions of heaven and hell. Speaking to Charles Johnston, at that time twenty years old, she will doubtless have had in mind that he was preparing for the Indian Civil Service, and that his father was a prominent Orangeman (Johnston of Ballykilbeg, M. P.). Naturally, therefore, she used her opportunity to excoriate British rule in India,—much to Mr. Johnston's amusement when he recalled the incident in later years, for his service in India had filled him with admiration for the spirit and methods of British rule, and he thoroughly understood H.P.B.'s motive in abusing it as she did to him.—THE EDITORS.

and cruelty; but I think if I had to choose, I would prefer cruelty. But there is a just law", she went on; and her face was as stern as Nemesis; "the false tongue dooms its lie; the spoiler robs to render. 'Ye shall not come forth, until ye have paid the uttermost farthing'."

"So that is what the adepts sent you forth to teach?"

"Yes", she answered; "that and other things;—things which are very important, and will soon be far more important. There is the danger of black magic, into which all the world, and especially America, is rushing as fast as it can go. Only a wide knowledge of the real psychic and spiritual nature of man can save humanity from grave dangers."

"Witch-stories in this so-called nineteenth century, in this enlightened age?"

"Yes, Sir! Witch-stories, and in this enlightened age! What do you call it but a witch-story, that very experiment you told me of, made by my friend the Spookical Researcher? Is it not witchcraft, to transfer pinches and burns, pain and suffering, in fact, though only slight in this case, to another person at a distance? Suppose it was not as an experiment, but in dead earnest, and with dire malice and evil intent? What then? Would the victim not feel it? Could he protect himself? And would not that be witchcraft in just the sense that sent people to the stake and faggot all through the Middle Ages? Have you read the famous witchcraft trial at Salem? Yes, Sir! Witchcraft in this very enlightened age,—the darkest, most material, and unspiritual that the world has ever seen."

"Oh, but sending pinches by thought-transference can do no great harm?"

"You think not? Well, you don't know what you are talking about. That is the privilege of the young! Once the door is open for that sort of thing, where do you think it is going to be shut? It is the old tale; give the devil an inch, and he will take an ell; give him your finger, and he will presently take your whole arm. Yes, and your body, too! Do you not see the tremendous evils that lie concealed in hypnotism? Look at Charcot's experiments at the Salpêtrière! He has shown that a quite innocent person can be made to perform actions quite against his or her will; can be made to commit crimes, even, by what he calls Suggestion. And the *somnambule* will forget all about it, while the victim can never identify the real criminal. Charcot is a benevolent man, and will never use his power to do harm. But all men are not benevolent. The world is full of cruel, greedy, and lustful people, who will be eager to seize a new weapon for their ends, and who will defy detection and pass through the midst of us all unpunished.

"Yes, Sir! Witch-tales in this enlightened age! And mark my words! You will have such witch-tales as the Middle Ages never dreamt of. Whole nations will drift insensibly into black magic, with good intentions, no doubt, but paving the road to hell none the less for that! Hypnotism and suggestion are great and dangerous powers, for the very reason that the victim never knows when he is being subjected to them; his will is stolen from him, and mark my words: these things may be begun with good motives, and for right purposes. But I am an old woman, and have seen much of human life in many

countries. And I wish with all my heart I could believe that these powers would be used only for good! Whoever lets himself or herself be hypnotized, by anyone, good or bad, is opening a door which he will be powerless to shut; and he cannot tell who will be the next to enter! If you could foresee what I foresee, you would begin heart and soul to spread the teaching of universal brotherhood. It is the only safeguard!"

"How is it going to guard people against hypnotism?"

"By purifying the hearts of people who would misuse it. And universal brotherhood rests upon the common soul. It is because there is one soul common to all men, that brotherhood, or even common understanding is possible. Bring men to rest on that, and they will be safe. There is a divine power in every man which is to rule his life, and which no one can influence for evil, not even the greatest magician. Let men bring their lives under its guidance, and they have nothing to fear from man or devil. And now, my dear, it is getting late, and I am getting sleepy. So I must bid you good-night!" And the Old Lady dismissed me with that grand air of hers which never left her, because it was a part of herself. She was the most perfect aristocrat I have ever known.

It was long after that, before we came back to the question of magical powers. In August, 1888, H.P.B. had a visit from her old chum, Colonel H. S. Olcott. He was writing, at a side table. H.P.B. was playing Patience, as she did nearly every evening, and I was sitting opposite her, watching, and now and then talking about the East, whence Colonel Olcott had just come. Then H.P.B. got tired of her card game, which would not come out, and tapped her fingers slowly on the table, half unconsciously. Then her eyes came to focus, and drawing her hand back a foot or so from the table, she continued the tapping movement in the air. The taps, however, were still perfectly audible—on the table a foot from her hand. I watched, with decided interest. Presently she had a new idea, and turning in my direction, began to send her astral taps against the back of my hand. I could both feel and hear them. It was something like taking sparks from the prime conductor of an electric machine; or, better still, perhaps, it was like spurting quicksilver through your fingers. That was the sensation. The noise was a little explosive burst. Then she changed her direction again and began to bring her taps to bear on the top of my head. They were quite audible, and, needless to say, I felt them quite distinctly. I was at the opposite side of the table, some five or six feet away, all through this little experiment in the unexplained laws of nature, and the psychical powers latent in man.

No experiment could have been more final and convincing; its very simplicity made it stand out as a new revelation. Here was a quite undoubted miracle, as miracles are generally understood, yet a miracle which came off. But at our first meeting, Mme. Blavatsky did not even approach the subject; none the less, she conveyed the sense of the miraculous. It is hard to say exactly how, but the fact remains. There was something in her personality, her bearing, the light and power of her eyes, which spoke of a wider and deeper life, not needing lesser miracles to testify to it, because in itself miraculous. That

was the greatest thing about her, and it was always there; this sense of a bigger world, of deeper powers, of unseen might; to those in harmony with her potent genius, this came as a revelation and incentive to follow the path she pointed out. To those who could not see with her eyes, who could not raise themselves in some measure to her vision, this quality came as a challenge, an irritant, a discordant and subversive force, leading them at last to an attitude of fierce hostility and denunciation.

When the last word is said, she was greater than any of her works, more full of living power than even her marvellous writings. It was the intimate and direct sense of her genius, the strong ray and vibration of that genius itself, which worked her greatest achievements and won her greatest triumphs. Most perfect work of all, her will carried with it a sense and conviction of immortality. Her mere presence testified to the vigour of the soul.

That where the safe ways end,
known and unknown divide,
God's great uncharted passes upward tend,
and the spirit of man undaunted is undenied,
and beyond the last camp-fire man has Faith for friend,
and beyond all guidance the courage of God for guide.—HORACE SHIPP.

There is an inmost centre in ourselves
Where truth abides in fullness . . .
. . . and to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,
Than in effecting entrance for a light
Supposed to be without.—ROBERT BROWNING.

REVIEWS

Les Sources Occultes du Romantism: Illuminisme—Théosophie, 1770-1820, by Auguste Viatte; Librairie Ancienne Honoré Champion, Paris, 1928, 2 volumes; price, 80 francs.

This book was published ten years ago, but we have selected it for review at this late date because its contents suggest certain lessons singularly appropriate at the present time. We doubt whether the author will appreciate the nature of our interest. The "theosophy" of which he speaks is eighteenth century "illuminism", and he tries to prove that it influenced the Romantic School in nineteenth century French literature,—a highly artificial subject worthy of a "doctor's thesis" in an American university. With few exceptions, he regards the personages whom he dissects as charlatans or visionaries. However, he has assembled with much skill an extraordinary amount of material. Although this material is drawn from many sources, some of which are in no sense "illumined" nor "theosophical", much of it is valuable and quite unavailable in original form to the average student.

H.P.B. said that during the last quarter of each century a "messenger", assisted by agents of various degrees, is sent by the Great Lodge to awaken the consciousness and conscience of mankind. According to cyclic law, the Masters are able at this time to work in the outer world and on the public stage. The primary effort in every century has been the same, *must* have been the same,—to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood on earth, by establishing a devoted group of disciples or *chêlas*, who can carry on the work of the Great Lodge, after the turn of the century, when Masters no longer act directly in the world. The present situation is unique, since the Theosophical Movement was actually carried over the end of the nineteenth century, this being the first time in history when such an event has occurred.

At the end of the eighteenth century, so far as the major objective was concerned, there was failure. Some of the causes of that failure are made apparent by reflection upon the "sources" quoted by M. Viatte. There was the treachery and misconduct of Cagliostro, for instance. But whatever may have been the delinquencies of those who were sufficiently advanced to work under the direct guidance of the Comte de Saint-Germain, the insurmountable barrier to success during the eighteenth century seems to have been the lack of true followers, of candidates for discipleship, who sincerely, whole-heartedly and unselfishly

desired to serve Truth for its own sake. What were the dominant motives of those who attached themselves to Saint-Germain or Cagliostro or Mesmer or Martines de Pasqually or Saint-Martin? M. Viatte makes the answer very clear. Primarily, as it appears, people were stirred by idle curiosity, by the thirst for psychic excitement, by the appetite for strange experiences on some "astral plane", by the desire for power or wealth or personal security, by the craving to know more than others and to be able to influence the destinies of others, by simple hatred of the established order of Church and State, etc., etc. All of these motives have figured in the history of The Theosophical Society which has triumphed so far in spite of them, in spite of the fact that some, if not all, of them are still more or less prevalent among members to-day. That is why it is salutary to study what happened to the Movement in the eighteenth century and how it happened, for a similar destiny even now may overtake the T.S., if the rank and file of its members cannot respond *anew* to the Lodge's appeal for disinterested helpers, as a few responded forty years ago.

There is an apparent correspondence between certain aspects of the eighteenth century Movement during the period from about 1790 to 1800 and the period of indrawal which characterizes the Movement to-day. The sudden explosion of the French Revolution seems to have forced the Great Lodge—prematurely, as it were—to withdraw its energies and its agents. Only one of the leading characters remained on the stage, Louis-Claude de Saint-Martin. It is most interesting to follow M. Viatte's account of his behaviour.

Saint-Martin began his work under the guidance of Martines de Pasqually who apparently taught a doctrine of the "reintegration" of fallen human nature by theurgic processes that recall some Neo-Platonic references to the Mysteries. Pasqually seems to have understood certain aspects of "ceremonial magic", and to have given special instruction in the evocation of "spirits" and "elementals". But in 1775 Saint-Martin informed his "Brothers" that he was leaving this "exterior path". He abandoned the "occult arts", which he denounced as full of dangers for the beginner. The true way to "reintegration", he affirmed, is by aspiration and meditation and self-discipline. He became active in search of possible disciples among the French aristocracy to which he belonged by birth. He was admired and even adulated in the *salons*, but as his correspondence reveals, met with nothing but failure. When the Revolution came, he withdrew increasingly both from his masonic associations and from the social world, and, in outward appearance became immersed in the study of Jacob Boehme, upon whose work he corresponded with a few friends. But the real nature of Saint-Martin's activity became apparent towards the end of the century. After 1790 he definitely "indrew", following the "interior path", moving towards the opposite pole from his starting-point under Pasqually. His writings testify to a deep and abiding mystical experience. He left his experience on record, for such must have been part of his duty. It should be a source of inspiration to-day to think of this lonely occultist seeking and finding *union*, turning his whole soul inwards, *keeping still* amid the din

of a great holocaust. We may believe that this was indeed the task which was set him to do, and that he fulfilled it. And though no real disciple was ready to take over his work, one man of genius was at least deeply stirred. We are grateful to M. Viatte for his revelation of the indebtedness of Joseph de Maistre to Saint-Martin.

M. Viatte, whose admiration for Saint-Martin is sincere, cites a passage from *Le Ministère de l'homme esprit* on the "ineffable Victory" of the crucified Master,—a passage which, as he says, is like "a cry of love and gratitude".

> It is the only sacrifice which has ever been terminated by those words, at once so consoling and so terrible, *consummatum est;* consoling by the certitude they give that the work is accomplished, and that our enemies shall be under our feet, whenever we will to follow the footsteps of Him who has conquered; terrible, because if we make them null and void for ourselves by ingratitude and lukewarmness, no more resources are left us, since we can expect no other God, nor hope for any other Liberator.

There are those who believe that Saint-Martin reincarnated as W. Q. Judge.

V.

Winged Pharaoh, by Joan Grant: Harper and Brothers, New York and London, 1938; price, $2.50.

For those seeking good books for light summer reading, we heartily recommend this novel. It is simply and beautifully written, and accomplishes what few books are able to do,—that is, it makes us feel that we have lived among and known people who lived long ages ago. The setting is in the First Dynasty of the Two Lands, when men still believed the gods were near the earth and were interested in it, and when life in the body was thought of as a necessary period of exile from our true home. Justice and mercy prevailed in the laws of the land, but there was no compromise with evil, and the laws of Karma were considered and obeyed in the judgments pronounced by Pharaoh.

The story is told in the first person by Sekeeta, daughter of the Pharaoh Za-Atet, and tells of her life as a child, in the palace, playing with her pets, getting into mischief, and growing up in the companionship of her parents and her brother whom she loved, and with whom she later ruled as Co-Pharaoh. Next we see her enter the temple for years of training as a seer and one "strong of will", culminating in Initiation and return to the world, to be crowned Pharaoh. There are splendid battle scenes, when the neighbouring people of Zuma invade the country and are driven out. There is a trip to Crete, with descriptions of the life there and its contrast with that of Egypt. In their shallowness and love of their bodies and a "good time", the Cretans are described as "not evil, they are young. And when they are older they will be reborn into a land like ours." There is a slight love story which seems unworthy of the brave and controlled Egyptian princess, and which is totally inconsistent with her supposed Initiation, although the author treats it as a bagatelle for a Co-Pharaoh and for one who was merely the ceremonial wife of her brother. Her last years and death are briefly described, and her final return to her "dear companions, in the Light".

Sekeeta is a lovable person, human and wise, with a courageous spirit which is very moving. As one follows the events of her life, she becomes a real friend and an inspiring companion.

This reviewer is not able to say whether or not the book is historically accurate, but that is not important in comparison with the remarkably consistent feeling it gives of the reality and nearness of the spiritual world. The author must have steeped herself, with love and understanding, in the religious teachings of the Egyptians, in order to make them seem so alive and natural. Students of Theosophy will recognize the doctrine of the seven principles of man, and of reincarnation as a means of training and of eventual perfection. Readers unfamiliar with such teachings might be slightly bewildered at the ease with which Sekeeta leaves her body to meet her loved ones in sleep, or to go about the country to watch for approaching danger. The invasion from Zuma is described as led by great ones of the Dark Powers, and the ensuing struggle is between the Light and Dark forces. On page after page the author's flashes of understanding will delight the theosophical reader.

The book is a real oasis in these days of cheap and degrading novels, and one must be grateful to Joan Grant for writing it, and to Harpers for the vision and optimism which prompted them to give it to the public. H. M.

Chinese Gardens: Gardens of the Contemporary Scene; An Account of their Design and Symbolism, by Dorothy Graham; Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, 1938; price, $5.00.

Despite the chaos in which China is plunged to-day, the peace of her old gardens still persists, and, reading of them, one is transported for a while out of our frightful turmoil into the atmosphere of high civilization which created them, and into the loveliness of Nature itself.

The philosophy, if one may call it such, behind the European garden is very different from that which produced the gardens of China. Our garden design comes to us from the Romans, and probably the Pincian is not unlike what it was when Sallust owned it. The mediæval garden, as we see it in illuminated manuscripts or in the background of paintings, laid out within the castle walls, was a place of geometric order. The pleasances of French chateaux or Elizabethan houses were set with beds of "knots" and clipped hedges. It would seem that the European sought to make himself a place as unlike the wilderness as possible, a refuge of formal design, a disciplined nature, a safe haven. Let the dark forests with their wolves, said they, and the grain fields which the enemy may burn, stay outside where they belong, but let us have a snug little parterre with no straying flower, with a restrained fountain and a comfortable bench or a bank of herbage. We are only easy when we have tamed nature and feel ourselves its master. Not until the eighteenth century, under Chinese influence, did the *Jardin Anglais*, the "natural" garden, come into fashion.

The Chinese, on the contrary, felt themselves one with all Nature, and venerated the divine spirit which informs it. In their gardens they desired to re-

produce the effects of Nature, or to emphasize certain of its aspects: not, of course, that their gardens were without design, for order is the essence of Art, and a garden is Art.

To the Chinese the making of a garden is the effort of the individual to attain unity with the universe. The planning transforms ordinary existence into an art; one perceives that change is the eternal law, that from disintegration springs new being, life fulfilling itself in satisfying stability. From the deep repose comes enlightenment, a communion in which understanding transcends fact and becomes revelation.

One would like to quote all of Mrs. Graham's first chapter, which is on garden design. One can only urge everyone interested in gardens to read the book for himself, that he may enjoy all of its delights. Mrs. Graham gives a history of Chinese gardens throughout the ages. Gardens, doubtless, date back from the very beginning. Were not Adam and Eve placed in Eden and told to take care of it?

But for an unfortunate remark of Confucius, a meticulous record of Chinese gardens might have been kept. One day, the Sage was questioned by a persistent pupil. "Master", inquired the youth, "what have you to say about gardens?" Confucius was occupied in codifying a troublesome point in his scheme for human conduct; he disliked having his train of thought interrupted. With devastating indifference he dismissed any theme on which he could not discourse with authority. "As for gardens", he said sharply, "leave such things to gardeners." This pronouncement paralysed scholars for more than two thousand years. No member of an intelligentsia based on Confucian dogmatism dared to find this subject worthy of attention. Then, too, there was another obstacle. Tomes were compiled on herbs and flowers, yet no one wrote on the theory of design, because the planning of a garden was conceded to be a matter of inspiration, the expression of individual personality.

However, descriptions of gardens have come down to us, and paintings, and some of the gardens themselves. There are the lovely water-gardens of Hangchow, the city described so glowingly by Marco Polo. Their names are enchanting; The Island of the Three Pools of the Moon's Reflection, The Pavilion from which the Cranes went forth, The Pavilion of the Lake's Heart, etc. There are the gardens of Soochow and of Pekin, and there are famous old monastery and temple courts and parks. The Emperors laid out magnificent gardens, and so did the officials and merchants. Everyone who could have a garden had one, even if he were so poor that he could only contrive a miniature scene in a bowl. Her enemies said that the late Dowager Empress used the funds appropriated for the navy in making the Garden of Smiling Harmony at the Summer Palace. Mrs. Graham has visited many of these gardens, and she describes them so well that one feels their charm, and is filled with a great longing to visit them. Her book is profusely illustrated with photographs which increase one's desire.

The Fourth Moon, The Month of Peonies, the Chinese make pilgrimages to Tung Hsiao Ssu, to view these arrogant splendid blossoms. There are more than two hundred varieties at this temple, planted in raised terraces of marble that are called "mountains" but look like ancient Roman sarcophagi filled with earth. . . . A withered monk, ascetic and lean, takes the visitors through the courtyards, naming the different varieties. There is the rose-tinted peony with double and single blooms on the same plant. The deep

red *moutan*, the male vermillion, which is the most highly prized. Another plant, *lie de vin* in the sun, becomes in the shade a velvety black. Others are pearly white, white tinged with yellow, or the palest of yellow, like a faint gleam of candlelight. The most curious specimen, one evolved from long experimentation, is the green peony. The flower is as effulgent as the others. It is actually a delicate green, like that of willow buds on the point of opening.

The old monk, astonishingly agile, runs towards a pond and scoops out water with a gourd. This he throws in long splashes on the ground before the peonies, so that the vapour may refresh them. In the evening, of course, the roots will be wet and the leaves sprinkled; but throughout the heat of the day they are given this supplementary care.

Proudly fondling the flowers, the monk tells their histories. One plant with a stalk like that of a young sapling, is two hundred years old. Others have been praised by famous men or have some association with events of the past.

The Abbot of Tung Hsiao Ssu has received so many visitors that he has developed an instinct for hospitality. He takes the guests inside to offer tea. He removes a foreign-style clock from the table and, as if to arrest time, sticks a toothpick into its mechanism. Its ticking stops and with it all sound ceases. . . .

This supremely tactful gesture of hospitality also abolishes space for us, and we too listen intently for the message of that silence. Where there is neither time nor space there is eternity. ST.C. LAD.

China Hand, by James Lafayette Hutchison; Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co., Boston, 1936; price, $3.50.

The author, as a very young man, found employment with the American Tobacco Company as a salesman of cigarettes in China. This was in 1911. China was still an Empire under the rule of the Manchus. The Dowager Empress, the "Old Buddha", was dead, but the boy Emperor, Pu I, was on the throne, with his cousin, the Prince Regent, acting as guardian. The young American salesman found much that was attractive in the Chinese, and it speaks well for him that he especially admired the cultivated and charming manners of the Chinese-educated classes, and the great respect of all classes for scholarship. He learned Mandarin Chinese, and studied the Chinese classics and Chinese art. The more he learned, the more he found to admire. There were many signs of disintegration and degeneracy, particularly in government circles; but the Confucian tradition still had an immense influence for good, and wherever that controlled, the author found a civilization more real than, and in many ways superior to, that of London or Paris,—although the character of the civilization was so different that comparison can only be based on personal preference. Unfortunately, the influence of the Confucian tradition was not strong enough to withstand the encroachment of western ideas, of which Sun Yat Sen was the leading proponent. These ideas had been propagated originally by English and American missionaries who had misunderstood their Christianity, and then by the younger Chinese who had been educated in America,—ideas of "liberty, equality, fraternity", of "government of, by and for the people",—ideas which soon became definitely socialistic and then communistic. The result was that the Manchus were turned out, and that China

became a Republic,—greatly to the delight of all European and American liberals, though not to the delight of Mr. Hutchison, the man on the spot, who observes that:

> The Chinese who have taken on Western culture have become neither fish nor fowl—they are sorry hybrids—with their innate æsthetic sense smothered under a veneer of Western shrewdness, business and political cunning, that make of them self-conscious gigolos posing as men of the world.

He ends his book thus: "Farewell to Eastern culture! Hail to Western jazz!"

We sympathize; but the truth is that if China had been loyal to the best as she knew it—which means loyal to the Confucian tradition—none of this would have happened. Disloyal to that, with the worm of corruption gnawing at her vitals, she had lost all power of resistance, and could take to herself only the worst in western civilization instead of the best.

China Hand, though too long, is of real interest for more reasons than one. Its author draws no parallels with conditions in America, but it is difficult for us not to do so. For instance, when he visited Mukden after an absence of several years, he was anxious to learn all he could of the effect of the "Young Marshal's" administration; so he called at a number of shops (stores), always asking the question, "How's business?" At every shop he received the same answer: "Very bad. Before have plenty money. Now, very bad." "Why no business?" "Tax—all the time more tax." That was in Manchuria. In China proper, conditions were just as bad. In Kiukiang, and along the Yangtze Valley, formerly so prosperous,—no business. He learned that at Nanchang, long famous for its pottery, the makers "only turn out rotten stuff now, and only just enough to pay for food from day to day. If they turn out any good work, or try to accumulate any money, the bandits take it away from them." Ah me! If not one kind, then another! D.A.

In Search of the Mahatmas of Tibet, by Edwin G. Schary; Seeley, Service & Co., London, 1938; price, 15*s*.

This book is not about the Mahatmas, though a desire to meet them was responsible for journeys which would have killed most men, and which are a wonderful testimony to the author's courage, endurance, and perseverance. A young Californian, a wanderer by instinct, his imagination was fired by what he read of Mahatmas in Tibet, and he made up his mind to find them. Three times he earned his way from San Francisco to Calcutta, and from there through India to Kashmir, on one occasion travelling through Tibet from Lake Manasarowar as far as Shigatse, often at an elevation of well over 20,000 feet, when breathing became a torment. He believed that if he could find the Mahatmas, they would be able to explain to him the mysteries of life and death. In the course of one of his journeys, he had a vision of a canyon in the Himalayas, and of a finger pointing to a cave. He became convinced that he would find the Mahatmas in that cave. Many months afterwards, he suddenly found himself in the place he had seen in his vision. After a difficult

climb he reached the mouth of the cave and entered it: there were no Mahatmas.

> I had been living in expectation so long that at last, upon arriving here, I had no heart to continue. . . . So here I lay until the sun passed over the cave three times in its wide arc. Many were the strange experiences I went through in those three days; many the troubled visions and dark forebodings. If I learned anything at any time in all my travels, I learned this lesson in that cave—a lesson read somewhere before in one of the writings of an Eastern sage, but never until that time wholly understood: "*Within thyself deliverance must be sought. Each man his prison makes. . . .*" I knew, at the end of those three days of barrenness, that, though not finding the Mahatmas in the flesh, I was understanding them better in another way, and the magnitude of their work, but even then I did not give up hope of some day meeting one of them. . . .

There is an element of pathos in the author's continued blindness. As Judge so often said, you must be able to recognize a Master interiorly before you can recognize him in (or through) his outer form; only the soul can recognize the soul. Further than that, suppose you had a friend in whose spiritual insight you believed, and suppose this friend were to introduce you to someone whose appearance was the embodiment of all your dreams of what a Master would be like, and suppose your friend were to assure you that this man was a Master: what next? Do you suppose he could explain to you "the mysteries of life and death"? It would be impossible unless your inner eye were open. An artist cannot explain the mysteries of his art to a man who has never studied painting, nor an Einstein the mysteries of relativity to a clodhopper. Masters would have met the author of this book—in spite of the fact that, unknown to himself, the motive prompting his search had much in it of curiosity and self-seeking—if it would have done him any good. Such a meeting could only have done him harm. The open sesame to their presence is not the ability to endure even the worst of hardships in order to meet them, but devotion to their Cause, unselfish service, and—the Four Qualifications. C.B.D.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Medical Profession

To the Editors of the Theosophical Quarterly:

There was old Mary and her husband. When his last moments seemed to have come, after a pause the doctor said very kindly to her, "Your poor old man is gone." "No, I ain't", piped up a voice from the bed in injured tones. "Hush, John", replied Mary firmly; "doctor knows best."

Borrowed from *The Countryman*, an English quarterly review, that incident from life is almost sufficient comment in itself on the review of *The Citadel* in your April issue; for while I agree with your reviewer's suggestions regarding the reformation of the medical profession, it seems to me that the attitude of the public toward the profession needs reforming at least as much as the profession itself. That attitude is one of rank superstition. Humanity's blind faith in religious dogmas, and in priests and their ritualistic practices, has now

been transferred to "science" and its representatives. What "science" proclaims is *so*,—regardless of the fact that it changes its dogmas semi-annually. The result, under that head, is a philosophy of "Let us eat, drink, and be merry (so long as the money holds out), for to-morrow we die"; and the result of that philosophy naturally is—a call, if not many calls, on the doctor, who is "science" personified.

Now, just as in all religions there were good priests as well as bad, so there are both kinds of doctors,—charlatans who trade on the public's demand for infallibility, and honest men who either starve, or whose clientele is limited to the more enlightened few who realize that good doctors may be known, at least in part, in the same way that good priests were known, that is, by their humility. The general public is, in the first place, incapable of realizing this; in the second place, it insists upon being able to put implicit faith in its medical, as formerly in its religious fetich. This means that if the honest medical practitioner allows it to be perceived that he does not know everything, his patient looks for the man who, with sufficient positiveness, suggests that *he* does; and as doctors must live, extended experience often drives the least pretentious among them to adopt the dogmatic attitude which the credulity of the public demands.

In brief, what is true in the field of economics and in all other departments of life, is true also in the domain of medical practice: the law of supply and demand governs; doctors as a class, like newspapers and lawyers, are the natural response to the requirements of a credulous, sensation-loving, "get-me-out-of-this mess" public. The profession will never be reformed until the majority of patients demand better service, higher ethical standards, more open minds, a less mercenary spirit, and a broader culture from those to whom hey turn for healing.

CONSTANT READER.

CAPITALISTS AND WAR

To the Editors of the Theosophical Quarterly:

In view of the wild statements, constantly repeated, that capitalists and bankers either instigated, or favoured England's participation in the Great War, and that in all countries it is they who are responsible for international conflicts, the following extract from *Lord Riddell's War Diary* is of value, especially when it is remembered that he was President of the official Press Committee, and was on terms of intimacy with the leading politicians of all parties.

Lord Riddell says (p. 2) that on Friday, July 31st, 1914 (England declared war on August 4th), Mr. Lloyd George, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer, "told me that he was 'fighting hard for peace' ", and that Lloyd George had added: "All the bankers and commercial people are begging us not to intervene. The Governor of the Bank of England said to me with tears in his eyes, 'Keep us out of it. We shall all be ruined if we are dragged in!' "

HISTORIAN.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 408.—*Does the Convention appeal and Resolution supersede or abrogate what has been said on the subject of indrawal?*

ANSWER.—It does not. In the first place, it remains to be seen whether the Resolution will bear fruit as well as leaves. In the second place, if it should bear fruit, indrawal of the right kind would be insured, while, if it should bear no fruit—that is, if chêlaship should not result—withdrawal rather than indrawal would be inevitable, for while some measure of indrawal would still be possible for the individual, the Society itself would have failed to keep the link unbroken. It would have been carried further into the century than has ever been done before, but, while this would be a great and lasting gain, continued existence on this plane, without the inner link, would be as objectionable as the continued life of a man who had lost his unifying soul. T.

QUESTION NO. 409.—*How can T.S. members keep alive and renew the inspiration that Convention brought, and in what concrete and practical ways can they help to bring about the "flower of chêlaship"?*

ANSWER.—An adequate answer to this question would cover the whole religious life. There is nothing more important for any man than to discover how to keep alive and to renew the deepest inspiration that comes to his soul, how to increase his love for his Master and the things of the spiritual world. For this, attention, imagination and will are always essential. If we wish to grow spiritually, we must desire and give our attention to spiritual things. Man tends to grow into the likeness of that to which he gives his attention. In so far as he gives it to gross or worldly things, he becomes gross or worldly; in so far as he gives it to spiritual things, he becomes, to that extent, spiritual. The reading of spiritual or inspiring books is one helpful method. Alertness in seeking the inner meaning of outer events, is another. The way to gain renewed inspiration is to deserve it by acting on what we have. This means to use one's will to force oneself to live up to the resolutions made in times of inspiration, no matter how dull, cold, or "dry" one feels. Imagination should be used freely and boldly, not to fancy this or that, but as you would use it if, for example, you wanted to get a heedless boy to write home to a loving and long-neglected mother. You would surely try to arouse his imagination to picture his mother's love, her grief and disappointment at his silence, her delight if he wrote. We must use our imaginations to bring home to our dull hearts the realization of certain truths, of Masters, of their cause, of their love for us, their children, of their need, and, most marvellous of all, of our power to help them.

Any one who wishes to help, can help. He can help by prayer, by desire, by little sacrifices, by doing his best and offering all he does with the intention that someone may attain.

J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—Such inspiration should be cherished in the silence of one's inner being, brooded over, not dissipated in useless talk. It should be used to energize the higher will. Acting

upon inspirations helps to keep them alive. "The Gods are nourished by sacrifice." If inspiration illumines and clarifies some truth previously only partially understood, one should act upon this new light. Any and all "right efforts" may be "offered up" for the success of the Cause. One might resolve to be more kind or more calm, more cheerful or more prompt, with that *intention*. C.M.S.

ANSWER.—One great incentive would be realization of the power of united effort and teamwork. H.P.B., in the concluding chapter of the *Key to Theosophy*, stated that if the Society succeeds better than its predecessors have done, the next impulse from the Lodge "will find a numerous and *united* body of people ready to welcome the new torch-bearer of Truth". H.P.B. concluded this chapter by stating: "If the T.S. survives and lives true to its mission, . . . earth will be a heaven in the twenty-first century in comparison with what it is now."

The import of H.P.B.'s words has been appreciably increased by the fact that, for the first time, the Movement has been carried over the end of the century. The vastness of the opportunity enhances the grave responsibility which is ours that "the link be kept unbroken". Furthermore, how trivial, how utterly unimportant, all else is in comparison with the glorious opportunity offered at Convention to enlist in the great Cause of the Masters! Thoughts such as these should keep alive the inspiration of Convention, and will surely do so if acted upon with persistence and courage. Such an attitude and such action will develop the ability to recognize new and more effective ways in which each individual can best do his part.

G.H.M.

QUESTION NO. 410.—*What do you say, think, do, when you "offer up" your faults, or when you "offer up the fruits of works" as advised in the* Bhagavad Gîta*? What is the mental process involved? What is gained by it?*

ANSWER.—You may say, from a heart that has surrendered itself, "Please take my faults, and make of them positive forces which can be used for the purposes of the Real World." If the surrender be complete, if the desire be whole-hearted and unselfish, you will at the same time have begun to offer up the fruits of works, in the sense that you will not be watching for results, but will be content to leave them entirely in the hands of the Masters. You intend your mind upon this prayer which you have made, upon this help which you have evoked. You deliberately set yourself to think of ways in which you can do your part, to understand the obligations which you have imposed upon yourself. You keep asking for help, and you arouse your will and swing it, away from the desire for petty selfish attainments, to co-operation with those unseen forces with which you have aligned yourself. The mind becomes more and more, not something to which you refer decisions, but a controlled instrument, surrendered with your other faculties, and now consciously used to further your purpose and to gain your objective. C.R.A.

ANSWER.—This question deals with our most vital problem: how to get rid of our inverted point of view. We have two natures,—two selves: a Higher, or Real, Self, and a lower, or false self, which latter we have created, and with which for the most part we identify ourselves. Usually, we look at everything from this false centre, and we refer everything to it. It is a usurper, and thoroughly selfish. So, as a rule, when we speak, or think, of offering up anything—faults or fruits of works—we tie a string to the offering, the nether end of which is held fast by "self", so that we can pull back the offering if "self" is not satisfied with the results. From this inverted point of view, the more we speak and think of any offering up, the more *calculating* we become as to its possible effects, and, consequently, what we do about it, is little better than half-hearted. Lower self always is calculating, and to carry such *self*-reference into the *offertorium*, definitely is a hindrance. "Be solicitous for my interests", said the Master Christ to St. Teresa, "and I will take care of thine." Nothing could be clearer than that.

In terms of consciousness, then, the answer to the question is a definite and complete change of

the polarity of our nature, a cessation of what, at best, is divided interest, and a throwing of the entire weight of the imagination and the will over to the side of the Higher Self; an *insistence* that we are that Self. Then, we shall begin to think, to speak and to act from and as that Higher, Divine Centre; from which and by which *all* is offered up: faults, fruits of works, limitations, imperfections,—everything. As we become acclimated to dwelling in the atmosphere of that Self, neither seeking nor retaining anything for ourselves, we shall know, at first hand, something of that rebirth from above, which Nicodemus found so difficult to comprehend. G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—One might say: Master, I offer you this act in its entirety, whatever its faults or merits. May it help the coming of your Kingdom. Having offered it up, one relinquishes all personal interest in the act, desiring no thanks, praise, or other reward, detaching one's self entirely from it. C.M.S.

ANSWER.—"To offer up the fruits of works", is consciously to do what we do because it ought to be done, with the prayer that it may be used to help the Masters' cause, abandoning all desire for reward and all personal interest in that which we offer. It means that while working to our utmost to achieve a given end, we must nevertheless ceaselessly desire that, whether we succeed or fail in our efforts, the result will be best for the purposes of the Lodge It is a process of detachment, and a transfer of one's centre of interest from the lower personality to the Masters and their cause. The practice is a most valuable one in many ways. It strengthens and clears the channels from the soul to the personality. It is a great help toward quietude and peace of heart, toward impersonality, understanding and mental clarity.

The elimination of self-interest, and the purification of the motive with which the work is done, means, moreover, that finer, more potent forces are evolved and, by the act of offering, are made available for the use of the Lodge on this plane. This type of service is open to any one who desires to serve, no matter how undeveloped or full of faults he may feel himself to be.

One way to offer one's faults is to offer one's self, faults and all, for service, and then to forget the faults in the service. Most faults are due to some form of thinking about self, and to forget self in work for a cause, cuts their roots. J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—What is "offering up"? It is a free-will offering of one's self, one's thoughts, words, acts—everything we have and are—to something or someone greater than self. The Lodge wants us, needs us, just as we are, including our faults and imperfections, which they will take care of and use. We must leave that to them. Our great concern, our paramount duty, is to give ourselves, without thought of reward and relinquishing all personal interest in results. G.H.M.

IN MEMORIAM.

DR. THOMAS LATHROP STEDMAN.

A faithful and honoured member of the Society.

Died, May 26th, 1938.